TWO BLOCKS AWAY

BY

AARON HOFFMAN

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

Two Blocks Away

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY

AARON HOFFMAN

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TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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THE CAST
(In the order of their appearance)

JANE ALLEN
CAPTAIN MAGGIE, *of the Salvation Army*
ROBERT IVES
BILL LEWIS
NATE POMMERANTZ
NORA FINNIGAN
JIMMIE FINNIGAN
TOM ROLAND
MARTIN
MRS. WATSON
MOLLIE FINNIGAN
OFFICER DONOVAN
CROWD: *Butcher, Barber, Bootblack, etc.*
All types of East Side New York.

8387

The following is a copy of the program of the first performance of "TWO BLOCKS AWAY" produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, on August 30, 1921:

CHARLES DILLINGHAM

presents

TWO BLOCKS AWAY

A Character Comedy in Three Acts

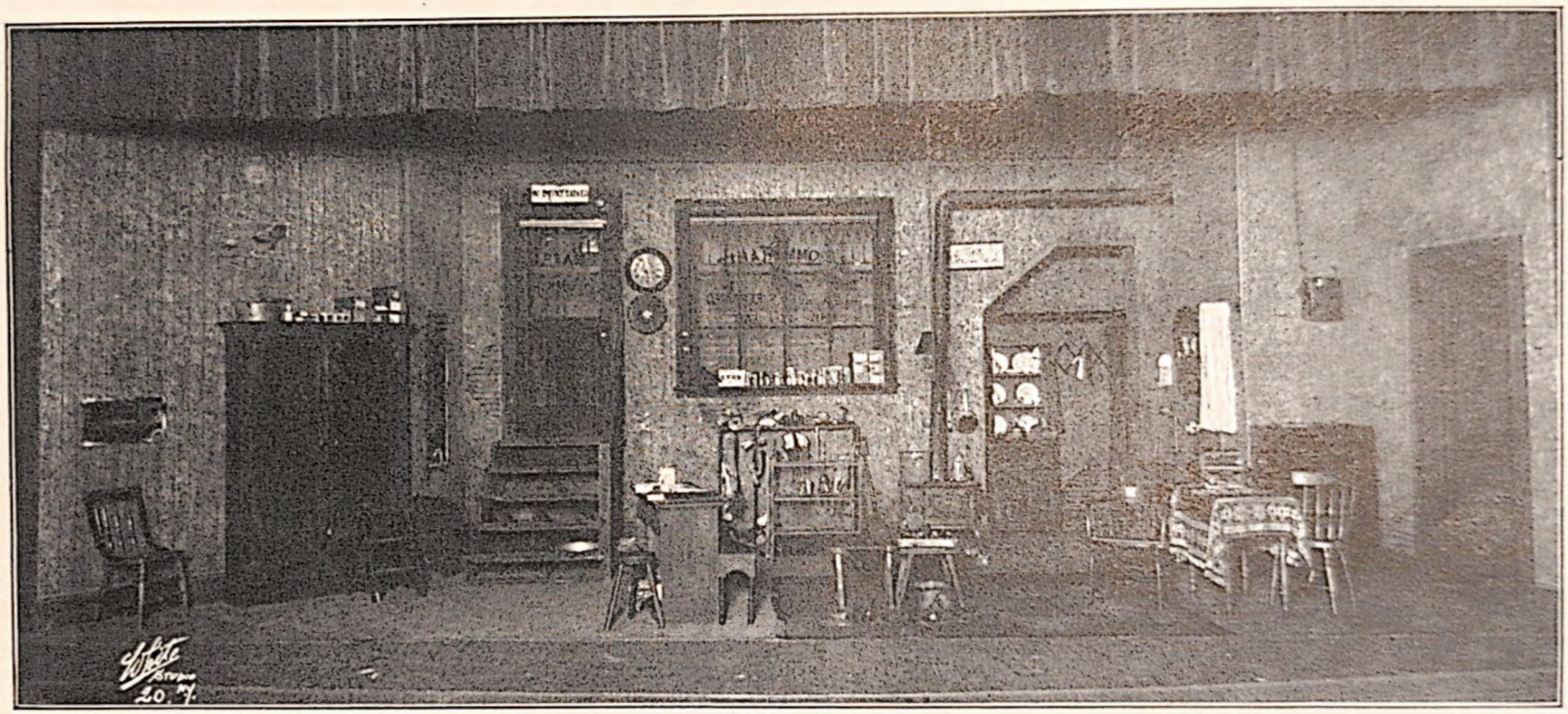
by

AARON HOFFMAN

THE CAST

JANE	*Marie Carroll*
CAPTAIN MAGGIE	*Alice Endres*
ROBERT IVES	*John Rutherford*
BILL LEWIS	*John Cope*
NATHANIEL POMMERANTZ	*Barney Bernard*
NORA FINNIGAN	*Kate Morgan*
TOM ROLAND	*Robert Craig*
GIUSEPPE	*William Morlin*
MARTIN	*Wallace Erskine*
MRS. WATSON	*Jessie Nagle*
MOLLY FINNIGAN	*Hope Sutherland*
OFFICER DONOVAN	*Charles Henderson*
JIMMY FINNIGAN	*Clyde Dilson*

Act I.—Shop and Living Room of Nate Pommerantz, Second Avenue, New York. Time—About 5:30 on a Hot Saturday Afternoon in July. (During the act the curtain will be lowered for a few seconds to denote the lapse of about two hours.) Act II.—Two Blocks Away. (Residence of Mr. Nathaniel Orange.) Another Saturday a Year or so Later. Act III.—The Action of Act III takes place a few minutes before the end of Act II. The Same Night.



TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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Two Blocks Away

ACT I

SCENE: *The shoe-repairing shop and living-room of* NATE POMMERANTZ *on Second Avenue, New York City.*

TIME: *A hot day in July,* 1920, *about five-thirty in the evening.*

DESCRIPTION: *A basement on Second Avenue—Shoe-repairing shop, sign on glass door which reads,* "NATE THE SHOEMAKER." *On window is printed a sign which reads:* "N. POMMERANTZ, BOOTS & SHOES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT."

Large window, right center, through which is seen part of sidewalk above.

Door to street right of window. Steps leading down from door. Bell attached to door, that rings each time door is opened or closed.

Shoemaker's bench, stool, etc., down stage, left center.

Letters, old, faded, weather-beaten, some never opened, on working-bench.

Tools, shoes, etc., arranged about place and in window.

Canary bird in cage on table, left center. Gas stove or regular stove at back, L.C. *Ice-box at left, down stage.*

Table, chairs, cupboard for clothes, etc., showing that shop is used as dining-room and kitchen also. On top of cupboard is old cardboard hat-box with broken lid, in which is old high hat, covered with dust.

Entrance left to sleeping-room. Stove is lit and evening meal is cooking on same, up left.

Sign in shop reading, "Shoes Left Over Thirty Days," etc., and other appropriate signs. Clock high up on back wall near center, dingy dial.

Sunlight aslant through large window at back, and gradually disappears as act progresses.

As street door above is opened wide, the moving barber pole is seen, showing that the barber shop is next door.

AT RISE: *Canary bird on table* L.C., *also sugar bowl. Shop rather dimly lighted except for sunlight that comes in on slant through window at back. Bird sings gaily and flies about cage. Hold the picture as long as necessary to get over atmosphere of scene—meanwhile, pot on stove is boiling and bubbling up, finally it boils over, tin lid of pot falls off—hissing of hot water on stove, etc.*

(Enter JANE *from roof left. She has box of birdseed or cup of birdseed in her hand. She places it hurriedly on table and runs up to stove, turns down gas, business with pot—then proceeds to finish cooking the dinner, etc. Domestic housewifely touches—frying-pan and sizzle of fat or butter. As she works she sings snatches of songs. She comes down to table* L. *of birdcage.*

(Enter CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *She is a Salvation Army Captain, a robust woman of about forty, strong and vigorous, but with sweet face and gentle*

voice. She comes down outside steps, doorbell rings. She carries tambourine.

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *(On steps at door—smiles shakes tambourine)* Hallelujah, sister!

JANE. *(At table* L.C., *filling bird-cup)* Hello, Captain Maggie!

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. Mr. Pommerantz in? *(Comes down steps.)*

JANE. *(Shortly, showing reluctance to give information—busy with bird)* Not yet.

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *(Sweetly)* Last day of our big drive, you know. *(Comes down steps to right of counter.)*

JANE. But I'm sure he hasn't anything for you. *(Turns up and puts seed away near sink.)*

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *(Confidently)* If he fails us this year it will be the first time.

JANE. *(Rather sharply—comes to her back of bench)* Well, he does enough, all year 'round, and he can't afford it. Oh, he makes me so mad! *(She turns left.)*

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. You ought to be happy to have a father like that.

JANE. *(Goes to* CAPTAIN MAGGIE, *left of counter)* I am. I love him to death, but what's going to become of him? He's always giving, giving—always doing something for somebody.

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *(*R. *of counter—down stage)* He's only doing what the Bible says, remember? "Feed my sheep."

JANE. *(Left of counter)* But why should he be the goat? *(*CAPTAIN MAGGIE *looks at her reproachfully.)* That's what he is for the whole neighborhood. (CAPTAIN MAGGIE *turns* R. *to go.* JANE *follows to* R. *of counter—takes coin from apron as she is walking.)* I'm sorry—I know it's a good cause. Here—here's our ice cream and cake. *(Kisses coin*

and puts it in tambourine—sits on stool R. *of counter.)* It seems to me you'd get a lot more money if you'd go over to the square where all those rich people live—it's only two blocks away. *(Indicating straight ahead to the audience.)*

(IVES *starts down outer steps.)*

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. No, my dear, it's the poor that help the poor. I couldn't get in those places. *(Sighs.)* Well—*(Pats* JANE *on shoulder,* JANE *pats her hand)*—I must be marching on. *(Starts up to steps and* JANE *rises and goes behind counter and left of same.)*

(Enter ROBERT IVES.)

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. *(Holds out tambourine)* The big drive! (JANE *smooths apron when she sees* IVES.)

IVES. *(Reaching in pocket)* Certainly. *(Drops coin in tambourine.)*

CAPTAIN MAGGIE. Bless you, brother. *(Goes up and out of door* R. IVES *holds door for her.)*

(Exit CAPTAIN MAGGIE *and up outside steps.)*

IVES. *(Calls after her)* Thank you, sister. Good luck. *(Closes door and starts down steps.* IVES *and* JANE *look at each other and smile.* IVES *takes off his hat and comes down to right of counter.)* How do you do? Miss Pommerantz?

JANE. *(Left of counter)* No, Miss Allen.

IVES. Beg pardon, I thought you were Mr. Pommerantz's daughter.

JANE. I am. (IVES *looks puzzled.* JANE *smiles.)* Adopted. Check, please?

IVES. *(Takes out card)* Oh, I'm not a customer. *(Hands her card. She takes it and looks at it.)*

JANE. *(Readng)* Robert Ives. *(To* IVES) An attorney,—for Daddy? *(Slight worry.)*

IVES. When do you expect him?

JANE. About six. Can you tell *me* what it is?

(BILL LEWIS *starts down steps.)*

IVES. It's strictly personal.

(Enter BILL LEWIS—*needs shave—a day's growth of beard.)*

BILL. Hello, Kid!

JANE. Hello, Daddy! *(Runs to him, crosses below* IVES *and counter to left of* BILL. BILL *kisses her.)* My, your face is rough! *(Rubs* BILL'S *face gently with left hand.)*

BILL. I'm a rough guy any way you take me, ain't I?

JANE. Yes, you're a terrible man. *(Kisses him again.* BILL *hugs her and gently forces her head on his shoulder and holds her there.)* Please, Daddy! (BILL *holds her and over her head he sees* IVES.)

IVES. *(Surprised—to* BILL) Mr. Pommerantz?

BILL. Me, Pommerantz? *(Looks down to* JANE.) Is he kidding me? *(Releases her.)*

JANE. *(To* IVES) No, he's my other daddy. (IVES *looks surprised and incredulous.)* Daddy Bill. *(To* BILL) Daddy Bill, this is Mr. Ives. *(To* IVES) Mr. Lewis.

BILL. *(Crosses to* IVES) Where do you get that "Mr."—Bill Lewis? *(They shake hands.)*

IVES. I've heard of you.

BILL. Sure you have. Everybody knows me. I've been hanging around the police station so long.

IVES. Are you a police officer?

BILL. *(To* JANE*)* Get that? *(To* IVES*)* Do I look it?

IVES. No.

BILL. Well, I'm just a carpenter. What do you know about that?

JANE. *(Slight censure)* He came to see Daddy Nate about something *important.*

(IVES *starts for stairs*—BILL *crosses left and up to stove.* JANE *goes up to rail of stairs.)*

IVES. Will Mr. Pommerantz be home soon?

BILL. Supper time? You can bet he'll be back on the dot. Saturday night, smell it?—Jane's corned beef and cabbage.

IVES. What time this evening do you think he'll be free?

BILL. *(Takes lid off pot)* Well, it's hard to tell. You see, on Saturday night he starts in eating at six and he don't stop until either he or the corned beef is carried out.

IVES. *(Laughs)* See you later!

BILL. So long! *(Starts down left to table at* L.*)*

JANE. Good-bye!

IVES. Good-bye, Miss Allen.

(IVES *opens door. Bell rings. He stops in doorway, looks back at* JANE. BILL *is playing with bird and thinks* IVES *has gone—speaks without looking back.)*

BILL. *(To bird)* Hello, Pete! *(To* JANE*)* What do you suppose that gink wanted to sell Nate, a gold brick? *(Turns.)*

JANE. Daddy Bill!

BILL. *(To* JANE—*seeing* IVES*)* I got you. *(To* IVES*)* Excuse me—thought you'd gone. (IVES *laughs and exits up outer steps.)*

BILL. Who is he? (JANE *takes card from pocket —looks at it.)*

JANE. *(Reading card)* Robert Ives, Attorney-at Law. *(Hands card to* BILL *and crosses left and back of* BILL *to cupboard and gets tablecloth.)*

BILL. *(Takes card—drops down* L. *of counter)* A lawyer? Maybe he's got a summons. Does Nate owe anybody?

JANE. You know better. Everybody owes *him. (Comes down to table with cloth.)* I do hope it isn't any trouble for Daddy, Nate. *(Picks up* BILL'S *hat and hangs it up on peg near door left, then takes birdcage off table and puts it on ice-box—puts sugar-bowl on chair, right of table.)*

BILL. Always worried about Nate,—forget it! *(At counter—drops card on counter and crosses left below bench.)* Anything happens, he's always got me back of him, and back of me is the whole Police Department.

JANE. You and your police—that's all you think of. *(Raises leaf of table—left side.)* Where have you been all afternoon?

BILL. Went over to see Mike Donovan. *(Raises leaf of table, right side.)*

JANE. One of your policemen friends?

BILL. Yes. He was transferred last week.

JANE. *(Exaggerating her interest in the matter) No!*

BILL. *(Indignantly)* Yes! Banished to Staten Island—fine finish! I knocked off this afternoon to go over there and walk his beat with him.

JANE. You walked a beat a hot day like this? *(Takes red tablecloth off and puts it on chair* L. *of table. Spreads white tablecloth.)*

BILL. Why not? *(Helps spread cloth.)* He's a good pal of mine. I tell you it's fierce breaking a smart copper and a great pinochle player like Mike.

JANE. Oh, Daddy Bill, you should have been a

policeman instead of a carpenter. *(Folds red tablecloth.)*

BILL. You said it! Can't you see me—uniform, brass buttons and a gun on my hip! *(Goes left a step or two. Speaks to imaginary persons)* Hey! Cut out that crap game! *(To* JANE*)* Or handling the traffic on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street. *(To imaginary persons)* Hey, you big boob, where are you trying to take that flivver? Where do you come from, Brooklyn? Pull over there on the side, the Judge wants to see you. Here's a ticket. *(To imaginary woman crossing street)* Sure, Lady, I'll help you across the street.

(JANE *has finished folding tablecloth, has it over her arm like a muff.* BILL *goes to her and helps her across imaginary street. She does grand lady business—crosses right.)*

JANE. Thank you, Officer Lewis.

BILL. *(Tips hat)* Don't mention it. *(Blows whistle and motions traffic to start.* JANE *and* BILL *laugh.* JANE *crosses to* L. *of table.)* Ain't I a nut? Can't help it. Love cops, and if I had my life to live over again—*(Sighs)*—that's what I'd be.

JANE. Well, you're almost the same as one. You spend all your spare time with them.

BILL. *(Regretfully)* But it ain't like being on the force. Yes, I missed my vacation in life.

JANE. You mean your vocation.

BILL. Yeh? You know everything, don't you?

JANE. Not quite everything—I've still got another year in high school. Get me the plates.

BILL. *(Joshing as he goes to the cupboard up stage)* I'll do that little thing, said good old Bill, as he went to the cupboard like Old Mother Hubbard—*(At cupboard—turns to* JANE*)* The good set, I suppose——

JANE. Of course—we got company. *(At table, puts on clean tablecloth, smooths out wrinkles.)*

BILL. *(Coming down to table with plates, cups and saucers)* I got you. *(Imitating childish sing-song)* Tommie's coming tonight.

JANE. *(Slightly fussed)* Don't be silly!

BILL. He's a fine, hard-working boy—Tom. (JANE *is busy with plates, pays no attention to him—she hums softly to herself as she puts plates in places.* BILL *imitates her humming, only much louder.)* I said, Tom was a fine boy.

JANE. I heard you. Knives and forks!

BILL. *(With meaning—teasing her)* And spoons?

JANE. Oh, ain't you terrible funny?

BILL. *(Gets knives and forks in tray from table below sink, and comes to right of* JANE *at table)* And I see we got our hair fixed up sweet and pretty. (JANE *gets coffee-mill from table below sink.)* 'Cause Tommie's coming tonight.

JANE. *(Hands coffee-mill to* BILL—*takes knife tray from him)* Grind the coffee. *(Starts to arrange knives and forks at places.)*

BILL. *(Sits right of table, with coffee-mill between his knees, and grinds and talks at intervals)* And I hear he's going to be made foreman pretty soon. *(Grinds coffee.)* And that means he's going to get a big raise in wages—*(Grinds)*—and that means that he'll be looking around for a wife. *(Grinds.)*

JANE. I hope he gets a nice girl. *(Goes up to stove, gets coffee-pot, brings it down to table.)*

BILL. He will, I'm thinking. He's going about it right.

JANE. *(Takes coffee-grinder from* BILL—*takes coffee in drawer from mill and dumps some in coffee-pot)* Yes? How? *(Puts coffee-mill on table below sink.)*

BILL. He gave me a box of cigars today.

JANE. Well, he's been giving Daddy Nate cigars

right along. *(Goes up to sink—runs water—puts water in coffee-pot.)*

BILL. Is that so? Where does he get that stuff? *(Rises—follows* JANE *up.)* Don't that young man realize that I'm just as much your father as Daddy Nate?

JANE. *(Turns off water)* There you go again, losing your temper.

BILL. I never lose my temper—— *(Angrily)* Do I look like—— Aw, I'm going next door and get a shave. *(Starts right toward steps.)*

JANE. *(Puts coffee-pot on back of stove—follows him—catches hold of his arm as he reaches end of counter above bench)* No, no, please don't go! *(*BILL *stops right of counter—*JANE *is left of it.)* Daddy Nate will be here any minute and I want to talk to you about him, seriously.

BILL. What's the matter, is he sick? *(Comes down right of counter.)*

JANE. No, but he will be if he keeps on working himself to death, and I just can't stand it any longer the way everybody in the neighborhood takes advantage of his good nature. He fixes their shoes, they never pay him, he won't ask 'em for it. *(Cigar-box is on top of account book on counter—she pushes cigar-box off book and picks up book.* BILL *opens cigar-box.)* Look at this book! Why, some of 'em owe him for years and years.

BILL. *(Taking handful of cigars)* That's the way he's been all his life. *(Puts one in his mouth and the rest in his outside coat pocket.)* Everybody takes advantage of him. *(Lights cigar and sits on stool, right of counter.)*

JANE. Well, he's just *got* to come to his senses or else I'm going to—— Well, he's done so much for me all my life I want to do something for him before it's too late.

BILL. What do you want to do?

JANE. *(Goes to* BILL, *puts hand on him)* I want to go back to work.

BILL. *(Angry at once)* Now see here! *(Rises.)*

JANE. Now, please, Daddy Bill, I can go back to Gimbels' and what I make would pretty nearly take care of us, and he wouldn't have to work so hard.

BILL. He don't have to if he'd only run his shop the way I run my establishment, instead of making a charitable institution out of it. With me it's C.O.D., F.O.B., and all I.O.U.'s, N.G.

JANE. He'll never learn that. *(Goes center.)*

BILL. *(Angrily)* We'll make him learn it! *(Goes to her)* I'll have it out with him tonight—in a nice, quiet way. Where is he? What's keeping him?

JANE. I gave it to him good this morning and sent him out to drum up trade outside of this neighborhood. Maybe he'll find some customers that'll pay their bills. *(Drops account book on bench and crosses left.)*

BILL. That's the ticket. I'll bet he'll get a lot of work.

(NATE *starts down outside steps.)*

JANE. But I felt guilty to think of him tramping the streets in that blistering sun all day long. I shouldn't have made him do it. (JANE *sees* NATE *through window with shoes over his shoulder—Touches* BILL *and points to* NATE.) Look!

BILL. Look at him!

(Enter NATE—*bell rings—he is bent by the weight of a lot of old shoes which are tied together by the shoe-strings and slung over each shoulder. He stands on second step from top, after closing door, and mops his forehead.)*

NATE. Hello, Billie!

BILL. Hello, Kid! *(Takes step toward him.)*

NATE. Whew! It's a tzizzler! Am I glad to be back? Yah, yah! We're pretty lucky to live in a nice, cool cellar like this. I bet you a cookie the coolest place in town is right down here. *(Comes down right of counter.)* I tell you I'm sorry for those poor people that have to live upstairs. *(Goes in front of counter to center—pats* JANE *on cheek.)* My Baby!

BILL. *(Examining shoes and helps take them from* NATE'S *shoulder)* You was pretty lucky today, wasn't you? *(Still examining shoes.)*

NATE. *(Looks guilty, tries to change subject)* Why not? Look what I picked up? *(Shows old rusty horseshoe.)*

BILL. Where did you get all these shoes?

NATE. From—from the Salvation Army.

JANE. Daddy!

BILL. *(With menace, sternly)* How much are they going to pay for the job?

NATE. I should ask 'em for money—the big drive is on, they're trying to get money in. (BILL *throws the shoes down in disgust*—NATE *puts horseshoe on bench.)*

JANE. Do you mean to say that you're going to do all this work for nothing?

NATE. Why not? Look at the work *they* do for nothing.

JANE. I don't know *what* to do with you.

(NATE *is right of work-bench and right of* JANE. *He picks up bundle of shoes and shows worn-out pair, run down at heels, torn and tattered, holes in toes and sole.)*

NATE. *(Showing shoe)* Don't be mad, Baby. Look at this poor fellow—— *(Examining shoe)* Can't you see what he's been through, the knocks

and bumps? *(Points to shoe)* How can a man stand upright and walk straight with a crooked pair of shoes like that? And who knows? Maybe good, honest shoes will help to keep their feet on the right road. A good pair of shoes gives a man confidence; that's all these poor fellers need; and ain't it wonderful to think that while the Salvation Army is saving their souls, we'll be fixing their heels? *(Bus. Nudges* BILL.)

BILL. Jane, you talk to him. I can't trust myself. *(Walks away, right.)*

JANE. But you can't afford to do this—why, if the Salvation Army knew—if you told them your circumstances, they wouldn't *let* you do it.

NATE. If I told them my circumstances! That would be a good idea! They ain't got troubles enough, they need me on their hands. My circumstances are all right—I got my health, I got my Baby—— *(Pats* JANE *on shoulder affectionately.)*

BILL. Our Baby.

NATE. *(Turns to* BILL, *still holding* JANE'S *hand)* Yes, our Baby. (BILL *bus. angry at him.)* I got a good kind friend. *(Pats* BILL *on shoulder.)*

BILL. *(Pulls away from him)* I'm off o' you.

NATE. And corned beef and cabbage for supper.

BILL. *(Mimicking him—same tone)* And you ain't got a cent. *(*JANE *picks up book from bench.)*

NATE. And suppose no—money,—that ain't so important. *(Picks up horseshoe from bench and goes up and right, gets step-ladder—goes up steps and places ladder—goes up ladder and puts horseshoe over door.)*

BILL. *(To* JANE) Get that? Money is nothing in his young life.

JANE. Of course not. *(Hands* BILL *account-book.)* Here, for the love of Pete, you talk to him. (JANE *goes left.)*

BILL. *(Takes book)* I will.

JANE. Don't scrap.

BILL. Not a chance.

JANE. *(At door left)* Give it to him good.

BILL. You bet! *(Exit* JANE *at lower left.* BILL *sits in chair right of table, looking over book on his lap.)* Nate, where did you get that idea that money ain't important?

NATE. It just came natural. All smart people know that. *(Finishes hanging up horseshoe and starts down steps and replaces step-ladder at right, near clothes-press. Comes down a little and left.)* Long ago I found out the best things in life are the things you get for nothing—it's the things you buy that hurts. *(Goes above counter to* R.C.*)* Look at the sunshine—— *(Points out window.)* Ain't it wonderful—free of charge—and the fresh air—— *(Goes to clothes-rack right of stove, takes off coat and hangs it up on rack.)* All you want don't cost us a cent—— *(Goes over to sink.)* Only we don't appreciate these things—— *(Takes cup from hook over sink, turns on water, fills cup or glass.)* And when we're thirsty, nice cold water, nothing a glass—*(Comes down to table, back of it)* Ain't that cheap enough? *(Holds up glass of water.)* If you paid ten dollars a bottle you can't buy anything that's as good for you—you can buy something that's worse, everybody's selling it. *(Drinks—puts glass on table. Bird sings—cage is on ice-box.)* Hello, Jennie! *(Goes to bird on ice-box.)* Oh, Jennie, you must be hot with all those feathers on, ain't you? *(Bird sings.)* You see, she's sweatin'. *(Picks up cage and raises lid of ice-box.)* Come, I'll cool you off. *(Puts cage over hole in ice-box where ice goes.* BIRD *sings.)* See, Jennie sings—she's happy all day long without a cent. *(Goes up behind bench and puts apron on and sits at bench, prepares to work.)*

BILL. *(In disgust)* Jenny! *(Puts account-book on table—turns to* NATE*)* So you don't care about

money, you don't want to be rich. *(Moves his chair up to* NATE.)

NATE. Sure, I *am* rich. *(In dreamy sort of way)* Upstairs in my mind. It ain't what a man's got down here—*(Pats his trousers' pocket)*—that makes him rich, it's what he's got up here. *(Taps forehead—picks up bundle of shoes and prepares to work.)* Look! *(Tears off piece of paper from sole, showing shoes are made of paper.)* That's how people get rich, selling paper shoes to poor people—and I'll bet you a cookie they cost ten dollars new. You know, a good, honest shoe could easy be put together to sell for three dollars a pair—and if I had a million dollars that's what I'd do. I'd see that no children ran around with their feet on the ground like I see here every winter—if I had a million——

BILL. "If"—but you'll never have anything. Now listen, Nate, Jane and me just had a serious talk and she's worried about you.

NATE. *(Stops working)* Now, Billie, you said something to her, and I want you should please leave her alone, that's all.

BILLY *(Angrily)* She's just as much mine as yours!

NATE. She was in the beginning when we first adopted her in partnership, but she's been living with me so long she's now like my own.

BILL. But she was supposed to spend half the time with me.

NATE. Such an idea! Do you want her to spend the best part of her life moving from my house over to yours?

BILL. That's the way you've been bullying me out of her for fourteen years, and don't you think it hasn't been pretty lonesome for me living all by myself.

NATE. A thousand times I begged you to move in

with us. We can always put in a extra partition—you're a good carpenter.

BILL. You know I never could give up the little old flat where I spent the happiest years of my life with Sadie.

NATE. "God rest her soul!" *(Jewish expression.)*

BILL. She was a good wife to me.

NATE. Me, too. (BILL *looks at him questioningly and angrily.)* Like a sister. She was a fine girl, Sadie Greenbaum, long before she married you. She and me was always close for such distant relations.

BILL. That's why I feel I've got a right to get sore at you. *(Takes book from table.)*

NATE. *(Still seated)* What it's can be?

BILL. This book shows that everybody in the neighbohrood owes you, and since you won't go after 'em, I'm going to take the thing in my own hands. *(Business with book, fumbling the pages.)*

NATE. *(Still seated—in arms at once)* You'll do nothing of the kind, Billie Lewis—I can run my own shop. *(Snatches account-book from him.)*

BILL. I don't care what you say, I'm going to send you a lawyer, a good one—there's a bunch of 'em hanging 'round the station all the time.

NATE. You can keep your police lawyers and your police station away from my shop.

BILL. You'd rather have the sheriff in here, huh?

NATE. Yes, before I'd jump on my neighbors and friends with crook lawyers and police bums. *(He flourishes book.)*

(JANE *enters, with napkins, hurriedly from left—puts them on table, goes left and between* BILL *and* NATE.)

BILL. *(Rises in fury)* Police bums! You cut that out! (NATE *rises.)*

JANE. *(Between them)* Good Heavens, what's the matter?

NATE. *(Excitedly)* He—he—— *(Flourishes book.)*

JANE. *(Turns to* BILL) Daddy Bill, what did you say to him?

BILL. Nothing—it's him—just because I'm trying to tell him something for his own good, he insults me.

NATE. I insulted you? *(To* JANE) He thinks he's a police station. (JANE *pacifies* NATE—BILL *gets hat from peg below door at left.)*

BILL. Bums! *(Crosses below bench to right.)*

NATE. Yes, bums.

BILL. I'm going. *(Goes up toward steps.* JANE *goes up above workbench to steps.)*

NATE. Good-bye.

BILL. And I won't be back for supper. *(Going up steps.)*

NATE. And don't forget, you owe me sixty-five cents yourself. *(Flourishes book at* BILL—*goes up center.)*

BILL. Try and get it. *(Exit. He goes off right as if to barber shop.)*

NATE. *(Comes step or two down center and turns to* JANE *with book in hand)* How it's can be, a man should have such ideas? Everybody who owes me a few cents he wants to lock 'em up.

JANE. And he's perfectly right.

NATE. *(Looks over glasses at her)* You want to see the whole neighborhood in jail? *(Indicates book. Comes down and sits at bench and puts book down and starts to work.)*

JANE. No, but you shouldn't let them take advantage of you. *(Crosses back of him to left of bench.)*

NATE. *(Starts to work)* They don't take advantage—it ain't like strangers—they're my old friends,

some ten, twenty years' standing—and if friends can't do one another unto each other like each other should do unto one another—— *(Knife slips and he cuts himself.)* See what he made me do! *(Bus.—thumb in his mouth.)* Anyhow, I wish you wouldn't talk my business over with Billie—how much people owe me and everything—because he puts those ideas in your head.

JANE. Oh, no, he don't—and I might as well tell you now, I'm going to quit school.

NATE. *(Horrified—stops work)* Quit!

JANE. I'm going back to work—— (NATE *rises.)* At Gimbels'.

NATE. You're talking crazy—that's how you got sick before, and I won't have it.

JANE. But you must realize you're getting older and older.

NATE. Who gets younger?

JANE. But how about the future?

NATE. I'm looking way ahead of the future—all I need is six hundred dollars.

JANE. What are you going to do with it?

NATE. That's my only secret.

JANE. But you can't hold on to a dollar.

NATE. Is that so? *(Rises.)* I show you. Push up the gas. (JANE *does so.)* Lock us in. (NATE *goes up stage and pulls down window-shade*—JANE *goes to door and locks it.)* Pull down the blinder. (JANE *lowers the shade on door.* NATE *gets up on chair under clock.)* I've got a lot of money I've been hanging onto for a long, long time—over a week. *(Opens door in bottom of clock and takes old shoe therefrom and gets down from chair.)*

JANE. Honestly?

NATE. *(Coming down* L. *of counter*—JANE *follows down to* R. *of same)* Sure honestly. Gimbels'! How it's can come such an idea to a girl that's got a papa with money stuck away?

(During the above dialogue NATE *takes from the old shoe a faded insurance policy in which is some bills and silver and change.* JANE *watches him take out the money.)*

JANE. *(Surprised)* Where did you get all that money?

NATE. That comes from twenty-five years ago when I first got married. To protect my poor dear wife, I insured my life in the lodge with an endowment policy in her honor for a hundred dollars, so in case I died first, she wouldn't lose nothing. Poor thing, she didn't live to enjoy it. Anyhow, last week it expired with crude dividends. Here it is—— *(Shows policy.)* Cancelled, see! And here is the money. *(Counts out money in* JANE'S *hand.)* Fifty—fifty.

JANE. Fifty's—my!

NATE. You betcha, and more yet. *(Counts)* And fourteen cents beside. *(Folds up money and puts it back in shoe.)* That's a hundred dollars mit fourteen cents. All I need now is four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and eighty-six cents and I'm fixed for life.

JANE. Now that you've got this money, who are you going to give it away to?

NATE. *(Buttons shoe with buttonhook)* Nobody. I give you my word of honor, nobody is going to get one penny. If you don't believe it—here—you can keep the key. *(Offers her buttonhook.)*

JANE. *(Shaking her head)* No, it's your money. *(Rises.)* I'll be able to run the house with what I make. *(Crosses over below bench to table at* L.*)* I can start in Monday at Gimbels'.

NATE. In all this heat? *(Rises—puts shoe on counter.)* Don't kill me altogether, please, Baby. What do you want me to do?

JANE. *(Taking account-book from bench)* The first thing——

NATE. Oi, that book! *(Turns away and drops in seat at bench.)*

JANE. All these people are doing you out of money.

NATE. *(Seated at bench)* They ain't doing me, they're only a little bit slow in paying.

JANE. *(Taking tool-box from bench—places it back of bench and sits left of* NATE *on bench)* A little slow. Gee whiz! some of them owe you ten and twelve years. *(Looks through book.)* And you've *got* to go after 'em. Why, some are dead already.

NATE. You want me to go after *them,* too?

JANE. There are plenty of them still living to go after. Now we'll start in with the *worst* of the lot, Mrs. Finnigan.

NATE. A poor widow with eight children.

JANE. Three of 'em working.

NATE. Only two. Don't you know that Jimmie is no longer a bank messenger? That's why she don't pay, she's worried about Jimmy—he lost his bank. *(Starts to turn page of book on the sly.)*

JANE. *(Catches him, turns page back)* But she hasn't paid in years.

NATE. Well, she's had a terrible struggle, the poor widow.

JANE. She ain't *your* widow. *(Closes book.)*

NATE. It's just the same. Jerry Finnigan was such an old friend of mine for so long. You remember, nine years ago I was a parlor-bearer at his funeral. *(Picks up pencil which is hanging from string attached to book and gently starts to pull the book off* JANE'S *lap by the string.)* I remember like yesterday, I bought such a nice black suit special for the wake—somebody spilled beer all over it.

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JANE. *(Catches book going and pulls it back)* From now on, no sentiment in business.

NATE. But friends is friends.

JANE. They're all my friends, too, and I think a lot of them, but business is business. If you were a millionaire, I'd love to see you do things for people, but you're a poor man and charity begins at home.

NATE. You're right.

JANE. Of course I'm right, and another thing—

NATE. Never mind, you win the argument—let's drop the subject. *(Tries to get book.)*

JANE. No, we won't, we'll drop right back to Mrs. Finnigan—she owes you forty-three dollars.

(MRS. FINNIGAN *and* JIMMY FINNIGAN *come down outer steps, unseen by the audience.)*

NATE. Jane, please——

JANE. *(Threatening, with book)* Or remember —Gimbels' on Monday.

NATE. All right. I'll be a murderer. Poor Mrs. Finnigan. *(Knock is heard at door up right.* NATE *rises quickly.* JANE *drops book on bench and rises.)* Who it's can be?

JANE. *(Goes up back of bench and up steps to door.* NATE *picks up account-book and hides it back of him, down his trousers, with end sticking out, then goes up to window and raises shade)* Oh, I forgot. There was a man here to see you. He said he'd be back. *(Raises shade on door and opens door.* MRS. FINNIGAN *enters, very much excited—stands on top step.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(In doorway)* Oh, dearie, dearie, I got to see Mr. Pommerantz.

JANE. Come right in. He wants to see you, too. (NATE *drops down to left of counter. To* NATE, *significantly)* Here's Mrs. Finnigan, Daddy.

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(MRS. FINNIGAN *stays on top step, with door open.* JIMMY FINNIGAN *is hiding back of door and she keeps looking off right through crack in door.)*

JANE. *(To* MRS. FINNIGAN) We've just been talking about you. *(Comes down to left of bench.)* Now where's that book?

NATE. *(Has back to audience, looks around, pretending to look for book)* I don't see it any place.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Natie darlin'! (NATE *turns to* MRS. FINNIGAN. JANE *discovers the book. To* JANE) Jane dear, I've got to talk to your Daddy—alone.

JANE. Oh, of course! *(Takes book from* NATE'S *trousers—hands it to him.)* Here's the book, Daddy.

NATE. *(Surprised)* Who put it there? *(Motions* JANE *off left.)* Jane, please! (MRS. FINNIGAN *looks through crack in door.)*

JANE. Or, you know—— *(Goes to left, near door—turns. Hog Latin for Gimbels')* Imbels' gay!

NATE. Gay—gay! *(Yiddish for "get out.")*

(Exit JANE *door lower left.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Comes down to* R. *of counter)* Oh, Natie, dear, I don't know how to begin.

NATE. *(Left of counter—looks through account-book, fumbling pages)* Me neither.

MRS. FINNIGAN. But I come to you because we've been friends for such a long, long time.

NATE. Yes, Mrs. Finnigan, ever since the first pair of shoes I made for little Jimmie when he was two years old.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Poor Jimmie! *(Starts to cry.)* Oh, me heart's broke entirely! *(Cries.)*

NATE. *(Puts book on counter)* What's the matter, Mrs. Finnigan? He lost his job—well——

MRS. FINNIGAN. It ain't the job, it's the police.

NATE. Have they got him in arrest?

MRS. FINNIGAN. Not yet, but they got a warrant out for him.

NATE. That's terrible.

MRS. FINNIGAN. What am I going to do? I ain't got a friend in the world.

NATE. Yes you have, Mrs. Finnigan. I'm your friend.

MRS. FINNIGAN. The only one. *(Goes up to steps.)*

NATE. Well, one friend is enough——

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Calling out of door)* Jimmy! Jimmy! *(Enter* JIMMY FINNIGAN, *has suitcase. He is dressed shabbily and is very frightened. He closes door and comes down steps at right.)* It's all right—our dear old friend Nate is going to help us. *(She embraces* JIMMY *and cries—breaks embrace and steps down.)*

NATE. Ahah, Jimmy Finnigan, you're in trouble again. What did you do this time to make your mother cry? Nice little loafer. *(Pinches* JIMMY'S *cheek. Drops down right of counter.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. He didn't do nothing. *(She drops down right)* The boy is innocent.

JIMMY. *(Drops down right—puts suitcase below clothespress)* I never took 'em, honest to God I didn't.

NATE. Took what?

JIMMY. The bonds.

NATE. Bonds?

MRS. FINNIGAN. Fifty thousand dollars' worth.

NATE. Fifty thousand——

JIMMY. I didn't do it, Mr. Pommerantz. It was Big McKenzie and his gang. They tried to get me

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to steal 'em, but I wouldn't do it, so they waited for the chance and held me up.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Nate, you got to help me. I ain't got a cent, and I got to get him out of the State.

NATE. Out of the State? All right, here's a dime. *(Offers coin.)* Let him take the subway to Jersey. (JIMMY, *discouraged, turns away right.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. I got to have enough money to get him out of the country, up to Canada.

NATE. But, Mrs. Finnigan, to run away from the law ain't legal. He's innocent, he ought to give himself up.

JIMMY. *(Goes toward* NATE) I won't do it. I know what they're going to hand me, a five-year stretch.

NATE. Stretched for five years!

JIMMY. I don't care what happens, I won't!

MRS. FINNIGAN. Keep quiet, Jimmy! *(Pushes* JIMMY *away. He goes up right, looks cautiously out window.)* You're right, Nate. (NATE *comes to her.)* Maybe he ought to give himself up, and he would, too, if I only had the money for the bail. *(Looks at* JIMMY *and then back to* NATE.)

NATE. How much it costs to bail?

MRS. FINNIGAN. For disorderly conduct they'll want—a hundred cash.

NATE. To steal fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds, is that only disorderly conduct?

JIMMY. They only framed up a charge of disorderly conduct to hold me over Sunday so they can give me the third degree.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Don't you see? The brutes—they want to torture him into admittin' something he didn't do—may the curse of a dying mother be—— *(Falls sobbing on* NATE'S *shoulders.)*

NATE. *(Consoling her)* Please, Mrs. Finnigan, don't die on me. And don't cry so loud. I don't

want Jane should hear. *(Takes up shoe from counter.)* Look, here I got Jimmy's bail. *(He unbuttons shoe and empties money out on counter.* JIMMY *comes down when he sees money.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. How much is it?

NATE. A hundred dollars and fourteen cents. *(Counts out money.)* Here's the hundred for Jimmy —now we'll go over to the police station together—

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Takes money from* NATE) No, no, Nate. Let Jimmy go to the station all by himself like the little man he is. *(Winks to* JIMMY—*he comes to her.)* Here's the money, Jimmy—you know which station to go to. *(Gives* JIMMY *a knowing look. She turns* JIMMY *up stage and works him toward steps. She sees his suitcase.)* Here's your grip.

JIMMY. Good-bye, Mother. I know I've been a bad boy, but I swear to you if I ever get out of this I'll be a good son to you the rest of my life. (MRS. FINNIGAN *cries—embraces him.)*

NATE. Don't cry, Mrs. Finnigan. *(To* JIMMY) Go ahead, Jimmy, and hurry back home for supper!

JIMMY. *(To* NATE) Good-bye! *(Offers hand.)*

NATE. *(Shaking hands—sees grip)* What do you need a grip, you're only going around the corner?

JIMMY. *(Running up steps)* Oh, it ain't heavy. *(Exit* JIMMY—*goes up outer steps*—MRS. FINNIGAN *watches him go.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Drying tears)* You saved my boy, Nate Pommerantz. You ought to have a million.

NATE. *(Back of bench)* But all I got is fourteen cents. Are you sure I'll get it back Monday?

MRS. FINNIGAN. Just as sure as the Judge releases the bail on Monday morning I'll be back with it as quick as me poor old feet can carry me.

NATE. That's quick enough. *(Starts to put*

money back in pocket.) Anyhow, I got left fourteen cents.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Indeed, you have more than that. You have the gratitude of Mollie Finnigan the rest of her days. *(Goes up steps—turns.)* Ten thousand blessings on you, Nate Pommerantz—you're the salt of the earth. Sure it's a big mistake was made when you wasn't born a son of Erin.

NATE. I am a son of Aaron. Aaron, that was my father's name.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Lord rest his soul.

NATE. Thank you.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Good-bye, Nate—Heaven bless you—*(Bobs her head—*NATE *does so after her)*—and I won't forget to pray for you this night—*(Bobs head—*NATE *also—same bus.)*—and tomorrow night—*(Same bus.)*—and every other night——

NATE. And don't forget Monday morning.

(Exit MRS. FINNIGAN. NATE *picks up cash-book—looks at it and then comes down and sits on stool, right of counter and writes in book.)*

NATE. *(Writing and muttering to himself)* One hundred dollars—and forty-three dollars is a hundred forty-three dollars—— *(Stops writing.)* Well, anyhow, I'll have a good day Monday. *(Puts cash-book on counter, rises. Bird sings and flies about cage. Confidentially to bird)* Jenny! You won't tell on me?

BIRD. Tweet, tweet.

NATE. I know you won't say a word. *(Looks toward room left.)* I'm so glad you ain't a polly, you son-of-a-gun. *(Sits at bench and starts working.)*

(Enter JANE *from left. She has changed to pretty but cheap little dress, ready for trip to Coney*

Island. Hair is rearranged nicely, girlish—she carries oil lamp, not lighted, which she puts on table. As she enters NATE *quickly starts to take up his work and pretends he has been busy with it.)*

JANE. Well, Daddy! *(Placing lamp on table.)* What did she do about the money?

NATE. Enough. She practically cleaned up everything—all but fourteen cents.

JANE. *(Goes to* NATE *at back of bench and puts arms around his neck)* That's the way to handle 'em. (NATE *swells up with pride.)* I'm really proud of you, and just for that, thanks to Mrs. Finnigan, you won't have to go without your ice cream and cake tonight.

NATE. Oh, that's fine! If there's anything I love on a hot day, it's ice cream and cake. *(Pats* JANE *on shoulder.)* You know what your Daddy likes.

JANE. I ought to. Give me half a dollar and I'll run out and get it. *(Goes right of him and waits.)*

(NATE *fishes in pockets for half-dollar, she holding out her hand. He hasn't a cent. Suddenly thinks—searches again in pockets.)*

NATE. I got no change.

(Enter TOM ROLAND *from right. He is a fine type of young Irish American boy about twenty-three or twenty-four—manly, rugged type, a mechanic—East Side boy. He is evidently dressed up for the occasion of calling on his girl—has box of candy, is very bashful in her presence and in front of others, and very much in love with* JANE. TOM *carries box of candy tied with ribbons, which he bashfully tries to conceal.)*

NATE. *(Sees* TOM—*goes to foot of steps, delighted with the interruption)* Hello, Tommie! Tommie Roland, come right in. Jane is all dressed up, waiting for you. (NATE *and* TOM *come down right.)*

JANE. *(Embarrassed)* I'm not.

NATE. All right, she ain't dressed, she's just waiting. *(Shakes his hand.)*

JANE. Now, Daddy, please stop and give me the money. *(Goes up left and looks in mirror over sink.)*

NATE. Tommie, have you got change?

TOM. Yes, sure—it's Saturday—I got a bankroll.

NATE. I'm so glad to see you. Then you pay for the ice cream and I'll settle with you after.

TOM. No, that's all right—I'll blow you.

NATE. Oh, Tommie, you look good in that new suit. *(Turns him around.)* You forgot to take off the tag. (TOM *embarrassed.)* You always look good to me—and I ain't the only one, is it? *(Looking at* JANE—*she shy*—TOM *embarrassed.)*

JANE. I'll get my hat. *(Exit at lower left.)*

NATE. Don't she look sweet?

TOM. You bet she does!

NATE. She needs a hat to go around the block—it's a new one she just fixed. *(Goes to workbench—*TOM *crosses right to counter.)* Don't forget to tell her how pretty it is. (NATE *sits.)* They always like you to notice.

TOM. *(Changes box of candy from left to right arm)* I won't.

NATE. *(Sees candy)* What you got there?

TOM. *(Holding it back of him bashfully)* Oh, nothing, just a—box of candy.

NATE. *(Very much interested)* Yes? Let me see. (TOM *hands box reluctantly.* NATE *takes it. Pulls ribbons off.)*

TOM. *(Protesting as* NATE *opens box)* I brought 'em for Jane.

NATE. *(Tears paper off inside of box)* That's nice. She loves 'em. *(Takes one—eats it.)* Um, umm—fresh. They must have been in the sun, they're so nice and soft. Help yourself, Tommie. *(Puts box on small stool left of counter.)*

TOM. *(Sits right of counter—trying to divert him from candy)* Did I tell you I'm going to be made foreman next week? *(Puts cover back on candy box.)*

NATE. Of the whole shop? *(Takes cover off, takes another candy.)*

TOM. Yes.

NATE. That's grand for a young feller.

TOM. Oh, I ain't so young. I'm old enough to—*(Looks left to door* JANE *went out)*—and from now on I can afford to—to—well, to have things that—you know, it ain't so fancy, boarding with Mrs. Finnigan.

NATE. Ain't she all right?

TOM. Sure she is. But it ain't like having a little home of your own, and I thought, now that I'm getting ahead, and I figure—well, that's what I want to talk to you about. I don't know just how to say it, but I made up my mind I was going to tell you tonight—and now you know. (NATE *shrugs shoulders.)* I hope you'll say it's all right.

NATE. What's all right?

TOM. She likes me—don't you think she does?

NATE. Mrs. Finnigan?

TOM. No, Jane.

NATE. Umm—that's why you brought me cigars this morning—that's why you're bringing candy tonight, because you was going to propose to me.

TOM. I *want* Jane—I'm crazy about her.

NATE. She ain't so sensible about you, neither.

TOM. *(Rising, crosses below bench to chair* L. *of*

NATE—*looking off left)* I'll be awful good to her, if she'll have me.

NATE. But I can't say nothing yet.

TOM. *(Pulls chair right of table to* L.C. *and left of* NATE) Aw, why not?

NATE. I got to call a meeting between me and Billie—you know, I ain't the only father she's got.

TOM. I've already spoken to Bill. *(Sits.)*

NATE. Oh, you did? Eh?

TOM. Gee, it'd be great to belong to you and him.

NATE. That'll give you a family of four to begin with—and then, well, say—what's the use in talking—— *(Works on shoe.)*

TOM. That's what I want. I never had much of a family. My mother died when I was a baby, and since I've been ten years old I've hardly ever seen my father. I never hear from him.

NATE. How it's can be?

TOM. He turns up about once in five years, and before I know it he's gone again for another long stretch.

NATE. Stretch? *(Looks to right where* JIMMY FINNIGAN *mentioned "stretch.")* That sounds kind o' not so good.

TOM. He's a mystery—I never could figure him out.

NATE. Me neither—with such a fine boy he ought to be glad to hang around a little and bring you up right.

TOM. Well, he's got an idea that a boy should bring himself up—fight his own battles and make his own way and not depend on anybody.

NATE. Say, that ain't such a crazy idea. Some day I'd like to meet your papa. Well, maybe he'll show up in time for the wedding, to give you away to the bride. *(Starts to take off apron.)* I better see Bimberg right away and make arrangements for the hall.

TOM. Hadn't I better ask Jane first if she'll have me?

NATE. *(Stops taking off apron)* You mean you didn't do it yet?

TOM. Not—e—e—exactly.

NATE. Say, in a case like this, *it's got to be exactly.* You've asked everyone else—when are you going to take her into your confidence?

TOM. *(Rises, turns to door left)* Some day, when I get the nerve.

NATE. Bashful. Afraid of a little girl. A great big strong fellow—how it's can be?

TOM. Bill thinks we ought to wait a little while.

NATE. *(Rises and goes to right of* TOM) Aw, what does he know? Young people should get married sooner than anybody else. I know you're a good, clean steady boy, Tommy, and I want to see her settled. How much longer I've got to live? Fifty-sixty years yet. *(Looks at room left.)* Just take my device, go along with her to the candy store. That will give you a chance to walk through the square, where it's nice and quiet. Sit her down under the fountain and tell her—then come home and "surprise me." *(Takes small purse from pocket and takes ring from same.)* Oh, here—I got something —the engagement ring I gave my poor Sarah Layben when we was engaged—that's now twenty-eight years. See? *(Shows inscription on outside of ring.)*

TOM. *(Takes ring and reads)* Eighteen Hundred and ninety-three Souvenir, World's Fair.

NATE. *(Quickly takes ring and indicates inside)* No, here—inside—— *(Reads)* "From Nathan to Sarah." I want Jane should have it. *(Gives ring to* TOM.)

JANE. *(Off stage)* Ready, Tom?

(NATE *and* TOM *break picture.* TOM *goes right.*

NATE *sits at bench. Enter* JANE, *wearing hat. She goes up left to mirror and fixes hat.)*

NATE. Yes, I got him all ready.

(NATE *to* TOM—*pantomimes—taps his own head, reminding* TOM *to speak about* JANE'S *new hat.)*

TOM. *(To* JANE) Gee! That new hat is a peach.

JANE. This ain't my new hat. *(Looks at them over her shoulder.* NATE *and* TOM *exchange looks.* NATE *starts to work.* JANE *comes down left of* NATE.)

NATE. Oh, Jane, look! Tommy brought you this nice box of candy.

JANE. *(Taking candy)* Oh, thank you, Tom! *(Opens box, sees layer of candy missing—looks from* NATE *to* TOM.)

NATE. They're all right. I tried 'em. *(Takes another candy.)*

JANE. *(A little peeved)* Ain't you afraid you'll spoil your supper?

NATE. Don't worry, I can always eat. *(Rises and touches* JANE *on arm.)* Maybe we'll have supper a little later tonight—you don't have to hurry back. It's nice and cool in the park. *(Passes* JANE *in front of him over to* TOM *at right and goes up.)*

(TOM *and* JANE *start toward steps and* NATE *is at upper* L. *end of counter.* JANE *puts her hand out to wait for money.* NATE *shakes her hand.)*

NATE. Good-bye!

JANE. Change.

NATE. Tommy's got it. (TOM *takes roll and change from pocket.)*

JANE. My, how rich!

TOM. Pay day.

NATE. That's right—start him in that way. (IVES *starts down outer steps.)* Every Saturday night—help yourself.

(JANE *and* TOM *go up steps. Enter* ROBERT IVES. TOM *recognizes him and draws back a little to right.)*

JANE. Oh, Mr. Ives!

IVES. *(To* JANE—*from top of steps)* Good evening.

JANE. Oh, Daddy—this is the man who was here before, Mr. Ives, papa.

NATE. Glad to meet you. *(Wipes hands on apron.)*

IVES. Mr. Pommerantz?

NATE. Yes, thank you. (IVES *starts down steps.)* And this is my daughter, and that's Tommy, her friend, steady. (IVES *comes down further and right. Recognizes* TOM—*pretends not to.)*

JANE. Mr. Roland.

TOM. We've met before.

IVES. Oh, yes, that day at my office. How is your young friend coming out?

TOM. He's in bad.

IVES. I'm sorry I couldn't do anything for him.

TOM. *(With meaning)* I know, you said you couldn't.

JANE. *(Going up the steps)* Come along, Tom. (TOM *follows her up.)* Mr. Ives has important business with papa.

NATE. And Tommy has important business with you!

TOM. *(As he goes out door)* What business has he got——

JANE. I don't know—— *(Closes door.)*

(Exit TOM *and* JANE *up outside steps. Pause.*

IVES *looks all over the place.* NATE *stands at upper left end of counter—follows* IVES *with his eyes suspiciously and puzzled.* IVES *takes out cigarette, lights it and looks again.)*

NATE. You want to buy the place?

IVES. *(Laughs)* No. *(Comes down to counter—walks right and then back to counter.)*

NATE. *(Goes to bench and sits—starts working)* Nice day, is it?

IVES. Yeh! Hot! *(Wipes face with handkerchief—puts portfolio down on counter.)* Mr. Pommerantz, I represent Messrs.——

NATE. *(Holding up knife which he is using on shoe)* Messers?

IVES. Messrs. Graham and Jones. You received a letter from us a couple of weeks ago.

NATE. No. *(Rises, and looks through letters on counter, some of them unopened.)*

IVES. *(Picking out letter)* Why, here it is!

NATE. *(Taking it)* Sure enough. You see, I didn't open it yet—excuse me. *(Sits* L. *of counter on stool.)* I thought it was a bill. Is it? *(Opens letter.)*

IVES. *(Sitting right of counter on small stool)* No.

NATE. *(Reading letter)* "Dear Sir: Kindly call at above office Monday, July 15th, at two o'clock." *(Speaks)* That's two weeks ago—I'm sorry I can't do it. *(Gives letter to* IVES—*rises and goes back to bench and sits.)*

IVES. *(Compares letter with copy he has in portfolio)* That's why they sent me. I have charge of this case.

NATE. You're a lawyer?

IVES. Yes.

NATE. *(Rises and goes to counter)* You know Billie Lewis?

IVES. I just met him.

NATE. He sent you. *(Picks up account-book from counter and flourishes it.)* Now, listen. I can run my business without lawyers. You can go right back to your office in the station house——

IVES. You're mistaken. Mr. Lewis knows nothing about my business with you.

NATE. Sure?

IVES. *(Still seated)* Absolutely.

NATE. *(Puts account book down on counter)* All right. *(Goes to bench and sits—doesn't look up at* IVES.) Sit down. You really can't blame me for getting mad—lawyers always mean trouble—maybe not you.

IVES. I don't think so. In fact, just the opposite.

NATE. I'm glad. *(Resumes work on shoe.)*

IVES. *(Takes out slip of paper from portfolio—looks at it)* Mr. Pommerantz—you were born——

NATE. That's right.

IVES. *(Looking at slip of paper)* In 1862, Sheppes, Poland.

NATE. *(All interest—smiles)* You remember this—near the bridge there——

IVES. You were an only child——

NATE. Yes, I was born by myself.

IVES. And you had a grandfather—Nathan Pommerantz.

NATE. *(Interested—rises and goes to* L. *of counter)* You know all this? *(Sits on stool* L. *of counter.)* How it's can be? You must be a landsman to me.

IVES. Now, your grandfather, Nathan Pommerantz, has a brother, Daniel.

NATE. The loafer of the family—our side we didn't own him.

IVES. Nevertheless, Daniel Pommerantz died a very rich man.

NATE. Yah, yah! That's the kind that gets rich.

IVES. *(Rises)* Now let's come down to business.

NATE. *(Still seated)* Yeh, please.

IVES. *(Takes step right, stops and turns)* Mr. Pommerantz, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money, isn't it?

NATE. How should I know?

IVES. Now, suppose as a result of our efforts on your behalf, we were to give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

NATE. Me?

IVES. Yes, what would you say?

NATE. Thank you.

IVES. *(Takes step toward counter)* I'm talking seriously. We have every reason to believe that you have fallen heir to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in cash.

NATE. *(Sniggers and laughs)* He picks me out! *(To* IVES) What can you get out of me, Mr. Hives? Take my device—it don't pay, this fake business—it's cute, but I've already heard about you fellows.

IVES. My dear sir, this is absolutely bona fide.

NATE. You expect me to believe that out of a clear sky somebody gives me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Yoh!

IVES. *(Sits)* Truth is stranger than fiction. *(Looks at papers on counter in portfolio.)* These things happen every day.

NATE. Not to me.

IVES. Well, it has this time—of that we're certain.

NATE. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—well, let me see— *(Looks in portfolio)* Did you bring it with you?

IVES. There are a few formalities. For instance, my employers have been to considerable expense in this matter.

NATE. Oh, I wouldn't want them to lose anything on it.

IVES. *(Laughing)* Certainly not.

NATE. How much do you ask in such a case?

IVES. Our usual fee is a quarter.

NATE. A quarter? Is that all?

IVES. Twenty-five per cent.

NATE. *(Figures on bottom of shoe)* Oh, twenty-five per cents.

IVES. Sixty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

NATE. *(Looking up)* I can't afford it. I won't have anything left.

IVES. You'll have exactly one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred dollars—that's a little bit more than you had before, isn't it?

NATE. Well, that was when I was poor, but now money counts. Sixty thousand here, forty thousand there—pretty soon I'll be where I was. *(Suddenly realizes.)* Oi! I still am. I ain't going to argue with you. You're a nice young feller and for you twenty-five per cents is all right. *(Rises and starts to take off his apron.)* I got to be back for supper. Now we go and get the money. Should I take a satchel? *(Takes shoe and knife from counter and puts it on bench.)*

IVES. Oh, it'll take several weeks yet. There is still one point. You have no living relative by the name of Orange?

NATE. No, no oranges in my family.

IVES. You're mistaken; that's who the money is coming from.

NATE. From who?

IVES. Your grandfather's brother, Daniel Orange.

NATE. But his name was Pomerantz.

IVES. Yes, but when he came to America he changed it to Orange.

NATE. Oh, I see—Pommerantz *is* Orange, transplanted into English.

IVES. *(Smiles)* Of course. *(Makes memo.)* That cleans that up.

NATE. *(Reflectively)* Who'd ever think that I would turn out to be an orange?

IVES. *(Takes chart of family tree from portfolio)* Here is your family tree.

NATE. *(All interest—sits—smiles—*IVES *holds up chart)* Looks pretty.

IVES. *(Indicates on chart)* Here is your great-grandmother and great-grandfather.

NATE. *(Pointing)* Yonkel and Ruchel.

IVES. They had two sons. *(Indicates.)* Your grandfather——

NATE. *(Follows* IVES' *finger as he points)* Jake, the blue one.

IVES. And his brother——

NATE. *(Pointing)* The red one, that's him.

IVES. Yes. *(Pointing)* This is Daniel Orange—you see, as the chart shows, he died without issue. *(Makes sweeping gesture with hand downward.)*

NATE. *(Imitating him unconsciously)* Without tissue?

IVES. Without issue—no wife, no children. When he died that branch ceased. Now we'll return to your branch.

NATE. Yes, if you please.

IVES. All that was left of the Pommerantz family was——

NATE. *(Indicating)* The blue ones.

IVES. Yes. Your grandfather.

NATE. Jake.

IVES. Who left one son.

NATE. *(Pointing)* My papa—Aaron Pommerantz. *(Points)* Then this must be me 'way down on the bottom.

IVES. Yes, the only surviving kin of Daniel Orange, deceased—the lineal descendant of his brother——

NATE. My grandpop, Zaelic—Jacob Pommerantz.

IVES. You're the man, undoubtedly. *(Rises.)*

NATE. *(Rises)* Undoubtingly.

(NOTE: *From this point* NATE *shows extreme nervousness, which increases to end of Act I.)*

IVES. *(Offering his hand)* I congratulate you.

NATE. *(Shaking hands)* Thank you. Won't everybody be surprised? What will Billy Lewis say? *(Crosses front of counter to partition at right.)* Oh, Billy——

IVES. *(Stops him)* I wouldn't say anything about it——

NATE. *(Turns to* IVES) Oh, I got to tell Billie. We're old friends—nearly related.

IVES. *(Surprised and interested)* Related, how?

NATE. Through his widow.

IVES. Widow?

NATE. Yeh, she's dead.

IVES. What was the exact relationship?

NATE. We never could figure it out exactly, but her single name was Greenbaum.

IVES. *(Interested)* Greenbaum?

NATE. Yes, Sadie Greenbaum—before she got married and passed away—and somewhere way back in her family was a Pommerantz.

IVES. Yes? Just a coincidence, no doubt—probably she was no relation to you at all or our very thorough investigation would have brought it to light.

NATE. Anyhow, I'll talk it over with Billie. *(He crosses to counter—picks up chart and goes to bench.)* Maybe we can figure it out so you can get him a little money, too—five, ten dollars—anything. He'd appreciate it. *(Looks at chart.)*

IVES. *(Crosses in front of counter to right of it and left of* NATE) Now, my dear sir, I wouldn't

talk this over with Mr. Lewis at all, unless you want to risk getting this money tied up in the courts for years. You don't know human nature as I do.

NATE. Sure not, but Bill is my best friend——

IVES. The friend of today is the enemy of tomorrow as soon as money is involved, and if you'll take my advice—don't talk. *(Sits on edge of counter, right end.)*

NATE. I won't say nothing.

IVES. Just ignore this remote relationship with Mrs. Lewis and we'll draw up your petition for administration without mentioning her in any way. (NATE *looks at him questioningly.)* It isn't necessary—she's dead.

NATE. Anything you do is all right. *(Puts chart on bench, left of him.)*

IVES. And another thing, Mr. Orange—I mean Pommerantz——

NATE. It's all right—call me Orange. I like it. Sounds better for a rich man.

IVES. You're going to be a very rich man, and in the future you must be careful of your associates. You have a great many friends around here?

NATE. Yes, the whole neighborhood.

IVES. Well, from now on you should keep them at a distance.

NATE. Yes?

IVES. Men with money have to be on their guard every minute.

NATE. I'll bet you.

IVES. You mustn't believe in everybody. Why, as soon as these people find out you're rich, you'll be surrounded by a swarm of parasites and sycophants.

NATE. *(Frightened)* What? What?

IVES. Everybody you know will be sponging on you. So you see you've got to be careful.

NATE. I see.

IVES. When you were poor it was all right—you had nothing to lose—— *(Goes right a step.)*

NATE. Is that so? Even when I was poor they sponged me for years—only tonight I had to give my last dollar to Mrs. Finnigan, a bailiff I got to be for her Jimmie.

IVES. *(Comes back to right of counter)* Jimmy Finnigan, that little crook?

NATE. You know him, too?

IVES. Yes, as an attorney I tried to get him out of his trouble—advised him to make a clean breast of it——

NATE. Then he did *crook* the bonds?

IVES. Undoubtedly.

NATE. Undoubtingly.

IVES. I had to drop the case. *(Goes right and down slightly.)* He turned against me and tried to implicate me in the affair.

NATE. Ay, yi, yi!

IVES. Then there's this Tom Roland. He's one of the same crowd.

NATE. I see. From now on I got to be suspicious of everybody.

IVES. It's the only safe policy for a man with money. Besides, you have your daughter to think of, and Tom Roland is certainly not a fit associate for a lovely girl like that.

NATE. Associate? He asked me to marry her just today.

IVES. *(Taking newspaper, "Evening Telegram," from pocket)* Isn't it odd that that should occur just today? *(Shows paper to* NATE) Look at this in the "Telegram." *(Indicates spot.)*

NATE. *(Reads)* Help wanted—females.

IVES. *(Pointing)* No, here.

NATE. *(Reads)* Why, it's about me.

IVES. It's an advertisement we have had running

for some time, trying to locate you—that tells the whole story.

NATE. *(Looks at* IVES—*nods)* He seen it today. He knew all the time. He knew from this—*(Strikes paper)*—a fortune was looking for me and he wouldn't tell me till he got my daughter. He's after my money. *(Crosses to left of counter—first drops paper on bench.)*

IVES. Undoubtedly. *(Goes to right of counter.)*

NATE. Undoubtingly.

IVES. Now if you'll just sign this little agreement covering our understanding. *(Hands* NATE *agreement.)*

NATE. *(Takes agreement)* Is it all right?

IVES. *(Lightly)* It's just a matter of form.

(NATE *starts to sign with pencil and* IVES *takes fountain pen from pocket and gives it to* NATE.)

NATE. *(Looks around for ink bottle)* Is no ink here. (IVES *points to pen.)* Oh, it's inside—excuse me. *(Business of signing—slowly)* I ain't got enough room, this ain't wide enough. *(Puts pen in mouth—spits out ink. Finishes signing—blotting business with inner sole which is on counter.)* Oi, I made a mess. *(Rubs paper on apron—hands it to* IVES.)

IVES. It's legible. *(Puts agreement in inside pocket of his coat.)*

NATE. Fine. Anything else to sign? *(Flourishes fountain pen.)*

IVES. *(Takes pen and puts it in pocket)* Oh, it might expedite matters if you would give me a power of attorney.

NATE. Sure.

IVES. I'll go right back to the office, draw it up and meet you a bit later.

NATE. Oh, later we're going to Coney Island to

get a swim with a couple of hot dogs and mustard.

IVES. Oh, I'm sorry.

NATE. *(With chart in hand of family tree)* Can I keep this, Mr. Hives?

IVES. Certainly. I was going to ask you to take dinner with me, you and your daughter, at the Cafe Loraine. *(Puts papers in portfolio, closes it.)*

NATE. That swell French place? That would be grand.

IVES. *(Takes step to foot of stairs)* I'll meet you there in an hour.

NATE. *(Crosses back of counter, drops chart on bench)* We'll be ready.

IVES. I'll invite a friend I want you to meet, a Mrs. Watson, a charming lady, well connected, and good for your daughter to know. Later on she may take her in hand, get her to meet the right people.

NATE. It's about time we met somebody that was right.

IVES. Good-bye. *(He is about to go up steps and* NATE *pushes ahead of him and runs up steps and opens door.)*

NATE. Oh, Mr. Hives, you're sure going to be there—you ain't fooling?

IVES. This is not a dream, Mr. Pommerantz—at seven, then. *(Starts up outer steps.)*

NATE. *(Calling after him)* Look out for the third step, it ain't there. *(Exit* IVES.)

(NATE *watches* IVES *go up steps and then comes inside—closes door. The horseshoe above the door is released by the shutting of the door and falls with points down.* NATE *stands a moment at door, as if exhausted from suppressed excitement, then comes slowly down steps, thinking. Comes down to front of bench—puts light up. Holds the chain of gas a moment as if in*

daze. Sits down. Picks up "Telegram." Reads.)

NATE. *(Muttering to himself)* Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. *(Puts paper aside on bench. Picks up the chart of family tree—puts it down and then starts to work on shoe. Suddenly he stops—realizes that he doesn't have to work any more. Spits pegs from his mouth, throws shoe down in disgust, also tool—takes off apron as if for the last time. Sunlight disappears during this scene. He picks up the chart of family tree and looks at it. Mumbles)* Yonkel, Ruchel, Jake—Papa—me. *(The bird sings. He goes* L. *to bird with paper.)* What are you making such a racket for, Jennie? You're melting the ice. *(Closes ice-box lid. Takes bird-cage and puts it on top of counter at right upper end. Bird sings.)* She sings. *(To bird)* If you lived in this dark and dingy cellar all the years I have you wouldn't feel so jolly. *(Bird sings.)* Shut up, Jennie. *(Exasperated with himself)* The idea, me arguing with a canary bird—no more. I must be careful who I associate with. *(Comes down.)*

(Enter BILL LEWIS, *shaved and all dolled up, ready for supper and Coney Island.* NATE *and* BILL *look at each other.)*

BILL. You ain't sore at me?

NATE. No, no. *(Walks a little left.)*

BILL. *(At top of steps—closes door and comes down steps)* I came back to apologize—to tell you I'm sorry that you lost your temper—that it was all your fault, but I should have overlooked it because I got better self-control and more common sense.

NATE. Nice apology. *(Goes up left of table.)*

BILL. *(Notices worried look and manner of* NATE*)* What's the matter, Nate?

NATE. *(Walks around back of counter and comes down, right of it)* Nothing. Don't ask me—I can't talk. *(Gas starts to get low.)*

BILL. *(Below counter)* Any bad news?

NATE. Some news, and I don't want to be bothered with questions. *(Is right of counter.)*

BILL. Now listen. (NATE *starts to turn away—* BILL *grabs him.)* Stand still, will you? (NATE *stands still and faces him.)* Whenever I've had any trouble, you've stuck by me, and if you got any, I want to share it with you.

NATE. *(Pulls away from* BILL *and crosses to* R. *of table at* L.C.*)* You want to *share* it.

BILL. *(Follows* NATE *left to below bench)* Say, who was that you were talking to in here so long?

NATE. My lawyer, Mr. Hives.

BILL. A lawyer? What's he trailing you for? You ain't got nothing.

NATE. Oh, ain't I? *(Crosses to back of chair—right of table at* L.C.*)* You don't know who you're talking to, if you please. *(Gas is getting very low by this time.)*

BILL. Who *are* you, sir?

NATE. I'm a rich man—I'm a quarter of a millionaire. *(Notices lights going out—feels for money—turns to* BILL. *Holds out hand unconsciously)* Got a quarter?

BILL. *(Feels in pockets)* Sure. *(Gives* NATE *quarter.* NATE *goes left, gets on stool near ice-box, puts quarter in gas meter. Lights come up.)* A quarter of a millionaire—— *(Laughs.)*

NATE. That's what I am.

BILL. *(Smiling)* You better lay off that pipe, Nate—it's getting you. *(Goes right slightly.)*

NATE. *(Comes down to front of table)* It's not from my pipe, it's from my uncle.

BILL. Your uncle?

NATE. My grand-uncle. He had a lot of money and no tissue. He died and I come next. The lawyers found it out. It's in the "Telegram" tonight—*(Picks up "Telegram" from bench and hands it to* BILL)—and I won't tell you no more. *(Goes* L. *to door at left.)*

BILL. *(Reads paper)* On the level—how much is it?

NATE. *(Overwhelmed, comes back to right of table)* Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

BILL. Oh, boy! Gee! Ain't that wonderful? *(Seizes* NATE *by shoulders and pulls him around to right of him and below bench—*NATE *resists.)* You're rich, you son-of-a-gun, you're rich! *(Throws "Telegram" on bench.)* Ain't you glad? You look as if you lost a fortune instead of getting one.

NATE. *(Crosses toward counter, right)* And you act like you're getting it.

BILL. *(Goes to* NATE *at right of counter)* Well, it's just the same. (NATE *looks at him.)* What's mine is yours, what's yours is mine—always has been, always will be.

NATE. Is that so? *(Goes up slightly.)*

BILL. Yes, sure. Nate, I can't tell you how happy I am. *(Pats him on shoulder.)*

NATE. Please don't be so happy—it makes me nervous. *(Goes up and above counter to back of bench.)*

BILL. I can't help it. *(Puts foot on stool, right of counter.)* Now let's figure this out. The first thing we do——

NATE. We!

BILL. Tom gets his chance.

NATE. Ahah!

BILL. We'll start him up in a shop of his own.

NATE. Ahah! It's commencing.

BILL. And I tell you what we'll do next. I've

been waiting for this chance for years. What do you say we send a nice little check to the Policeman's Fund—say about ten thou. That will give 'em a good start for the clubhouse.

NATE. They don't need a new clubhouse—they can keep their clubs in the station house.

BILL. Where's Jane?

NATE. She went to the candy store with that Roland feller.

BILL. Do they know it yet?

NATE. I didn't tell them.

BILL. Good! *(Goes up to steps.)* I'll be the first to spill it. (BILL *is at top of steps with door open.)*

NATE. *(Goes up to foot of steps)* But I don't want you to say a word—It's got to be kept quiet.

BILL. You're crazy—I'll tell the world.

NATE. No, no—a man with money is too important. He mustn't talk to anybody.

BILL. The Hell you say! *(Exit* BILL *hurriedly and up outer steps.)*

NATE. *(Annoyed)* Nice language! *(Comes down to counter—takes money out of his pocket. Bird sings. Crosses to above table at left. To bird)* Look! Fourteen cents! You see, that's all they left me from the six hundred dollars I was saving to buy me a place in the old man's home—but things are going to be different now—I'm going to have a whole home of my own—on the Square. I'm rich, you hear—I'm rich!

(Enter JANE. *She is all excited. She stops at top of steps.)*

JANE. Oh, Daddy, Jimmy Finnigan's in trouble. The police are after him and he's skipped town.

NATE. With my money. *(Crosses right and down between bench and counter.)* That's how much for their promises—for bail, and only till Mon-

day morning. She had no idea to ever give it back. Liars—crooks!

(Crowd heard off stage, cheering—they start down steps outside.)

JANE. *(Comes down to him)* Why, Daddy! What's the matter?

NATE. Then you don't know what's happened?

JANE. No, what is it, dear?

(Crowd, cheering and yelling, enter.)

NATE. What's going on? Is everybody crazy? *(Crowd come in the shop—no more than eight—including principals. They are led by* GIUSEPPE, *the barber, and* BILL. *General rejoicing. Protesting)* Stop this nonsense, you hear me!

BILL. *(Quiets the crowd and strikes pose as if to make speech)* Sh! Friends and neighbors! This is a great event in the history of the Nineteenth Ward. This is a happy day for us all. A rich relative of our dear friend and beloved neighbor, Nate Pommerantz, has passed away. *(Crowd all cheer.* JANE *turns to* NATE *and in pantomime says, "Is it true, Daddy?"* NATE *nods to* JANE.) And he has fallen heir to something like a half a million dollars. *(All cheer.)*

JANE. Oh, I'm so glad! *(Embraces* NATE.)

*(*MRS. FINNIGAN *appears in doorway.* TOM *is behind her.* NATE *sees her.* MRS. FINNIGAN *is in tears, drying them with apron.* BILL *goes to left of counter and up.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. Oh, Nate, darlin'—the Saints be praised! *(Comes down steps to right of counter.)* It's the grand news I've just been hearing.

TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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NATE. Ahah! The head sponger—now the gang is complete.

(BILL *meantime pantomimes conversation with crowd. Now he goes to left of counter to* NATE *and pulls him over* R.C.)

BILL. And now, a few words from your dear old friend and benefactor, Nate the Shoemaker, now Nate the Millionaire. *(Crowd yell, "Speech! Speech!")* Ladies and gentlemen! *(To* NATE*)* Go on, spiel.

NATE. What can I say?

BILL. Say what you feel.

NATE. All right. I feel it's a great honor to have you all come running as soon as you find out I got money—to pay your bills you didn't come so quick. *(To* JANE*)* It's good, eh? *(Crowd are offended—* BILL *turns to them.)*

JANE. Oh, Daddy!

NATE. You told me to get after 'em.

BILL. *(To crowd)* He's excited. Better leave him alone till he pulls himself together. It's kinda knocked him off his feet. You know, when a feller gets a couple of million dollars—— *(Starts crowd up the steps.)* We'll all go over to Sweeney's and have our party in the back room—he's got some Scotch.

(JANE *goes up and joins* TOM *above bench. They go to window and watch crowd off. Crowd talk —general hilarity. They all exit except* TOM, JANE *and* NATE. NATE *goes up to door and shoos the crowd off, then closes door after them.* JANE *and* TOM *drop down to above counter and pantomime conversation.* NATE *comes down, turns, sees* TOM. TOM *still has copy of "Telegram" in his pocket.)*

NATE. *(To* TOM*)* They're waiting for you at Sweeney's. *(Indicates door. Goes down to wardrobe at right.* TOM *is offended, about to go.* JANE *shakes her head—signals him to remain.)*

JANE. Tom don't go to Sweeney's, do you? *(She comes down left of counter.)*

TOM. I should say not. *(Comes down right of counter.)*

NATE. *(Turns on* TOM*)* You only go with Jimmy Finnigan. Where is your little loafer friend with my hundred dollars?

TOM. I don't know.

NATE. Sure not. You don't know nothing—when you talked to me before so nice and innocent you didn't know that I was to get—— *(Sees paper in* TOM'S *pocket.)* What's that paper in your pocket? *(Comes to* TOM, *right of counter.)*

TOM. "The Evening Telegram." *(Takes paper from pocket and gives it to* NATE.)

NATE. Ahah! You read it already today.

TOM. Of course.

NATE. Of course. *(To* JANE*)* You see! *(Indicates paper—goes right.)*

JANE. *(Crosses to* NATE*)* Daddy! What's come over you? I don't understand.

NATE. You don't understand, but he does—and me, too, huh?

TOM. No, I don't.

NATE. *(Crosses* JANE *to* TOM*)* Hey, give me back my ring. (TOM *gives* NATE *ring.* NATE *gives side look at* TOM *and goes to wardrobe and opens it, showing clothes hanging.* TOM *and* JANE *exchange glances.)*

JANE. What in the world is he talking about?

TOM. Ives must be at the bottom of this. *(He crosses* JANE *to* NATE.) Did he tell you any lies about me?

NATE. He don't tell lies—he's a lawyer.

TOM. You better watch out for him.

NATE. I don't have to. He's my friend and deviser. He gives me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the first time I meet him. What did you ever give me?

TOM. I'm going to do a lot for you—I'm going to keep my eye on Mr. Ives.

NATE. *(Busy with clothes in wardrobe—takes down bathrobe and black suit)* Keep out of my business. You better keep your eye on your crooked little side partner, Jimmy Finnigan, and keep them off Jane. *(To* JANE) Jane, pull down the blinders, I got to dress.

TOM. *(Goes up)* I guess I better go. (JANE *follows to rail of steps.)*

NATE. Yes, go ahead.

(Exit TOM. *He leaves door partly open—he stands just outside door.* JANE *at foot of steps.)*

NATE. *(To* JANE) Jane, you better get dressed. We're going to have supper tonight with Mr. Hives and his friend at the Café Loraine. *(Crosses above counter to left.)*

JANE. I'm not going.

NATE. Oh, you got to go. He invited you special.

JANE. I've got nothing to wear that's fit for such a swell place.

NATE. Wear your new hat. You'll look fine. Me, too, you won't have to be ashamed. *(Examines suit back of bench.)* I got here a brand new suit that I only wore once, nine years ago, at Finnigan's funeral. *(Exit behind curtains upper left. He draws curtain. As soon as* NATE *does so,* TOM *enters on top of stairs and calls softly.)*

TOM. Jane. (JANE *turns, surprised—crosses to foot of steps.)* I'll call for you to go to church in the morning.

JANE. Yes, do. I want you to. *(They kiss. NATE sticks his head out—sees them.)*

NATE. *(From behind curtain)* Goodnight, please.

TOM. Good-night. *(Closes door as he goes out. Exit TOM up outside steps very slowly. JANE watches him go.)*

JANE. *(Crosses to left of stove)* Daddy, you've hurt Tom's feelings.

NATE. *(Still back of curtain)* That's too bad. I won't sleep a wink tonight. *(Enter NATE—crosses JANE and to R. of her above bench.)*

JANE. You've never been like this before. *(She drops down stage to right of table.)*

NATE. Before I was a poor fool—now I'm rich. I'm beginning to see everybody in the right light—they're all wrong. *(Examines suit.)* I bet you a cookie you can't get a suit like this today for fifteen dollars. And it's just as good as new—only the pants. Would you believe it, in nine years that beer hasn't faded. Well, at night they won't notice. *(Puts coat on over his head. Sees JANE isn't dressing.)* What's the matter you ain't getting ready? Put on your hat.

JANE. I won't.

NATE. *(Goes L. a little to her)* Don't you talk that way to me—I'm your father—the rich one. You got to do what *I* say.

JANE. I'm not going tonight and make myself ridiculous as you're going to do.

NATE. Me? I'm ridiculous, huh? *(Crosses to right of counter. Looks at soles of his shoes—they are badly worn.)* A fine shoemaker—not even a decent pair of shoes. Well, I'll wear rubbers. *(Sits on stool R. of counter and puts on rubbers to hide shoes.)* Seems lately everything and everybody's changing around here. All right—I'll go alone. *(He starts R. and up toward wardrobe.)*

JANE. Please don't go, Daddy. *(Goes up to* L. *of counter.)*

NATE. I got to go. I'm all dressed up and I got important papers to sign.

JANE. Daddy, I've worked so hard all afternoon cooking the corned beef and cabbage for you, what shall I do with it?

NATE. Send it to some poor family, and come along.

JANE. I don't want to go, Daddy—I don't feel well. *(Sits right of counter.)*

NATE. You're thinking about that Tom Roland. Don't bother your head about him. You're going to meet a lot of nice fellers, the right kind. You're going to have beautiful clothes—dressmaker's clothes. You're going to be like Cinderella—better yet, instead of a coach you'll have a Buick. No living in a tenement house, slaving your life away like the other women in the neighborhood, sixty years old by the time they're thirty. You're going to be a queen —you're going to travel all over—we'll go to Europe. I want to go back to the town I was born in and laugh at it. *(Picks up hat-box and takes out hat. Knocks dust off hat and puts it on his head. Goes up stairs and out. Exit* NATE.)

(JANE *drops on stool* L. *of counter, head in hands.)*

CURTAIN

The End of Act I Scene I

ACT I—SCENE II

NOTE: *Curtain falls and remains down for about twenty seconds, to indicate a lapse of about two hours.*

AT RISE: *Moonlight streaming through the windows, shades raised. Lamp on top of ice-box at left, lighted. The clock shows about nine o'clock.*

NATE *is seen coming down outside steps. He sits, takes off shoes—comes down and unlocks door. Opens door—bell rings. He enters quickly—locks door. He has flower in his buttonhole and is smoking cigar with band, but he smokes it band and all. He has menu from French restaurant in his pocket.*

On chair right of table is NATE'S *dressing-gown. Other chair, which was left of table, has been placed behind table while curtain was down.*

Enter JANE *in nightdress, dressing-gown over. Her hair is down—she turns up the gas at center. She is rather timid, and don't know whether* NATE *is still angry with her.* NATE *is in good humor.*

NATE. Tz, tz, tz—did I wake you up? *(Comes down steps* R. *of counter.)*

JANE. I wasn't sleeping. (NATE *takes off hat and puts it on counter.)* Have a nice time? *(She gets slippers from left of bench.)*

NATE. Elegant. *(Steps on tack)* Oh! *(Hobbles over to stool* L. *of counter and pulls tack out.* JANE *hands him his slippers and he puts them on. She takes his shoes from him and puts them near workbench.)*

JANE. *(Helping him on with slippers—kneeling)* Did you have a good supper?

NATE. No, not supper—dinner.

JANE. *(Kneeling—still helping with slippers)* Did you enjoy it?

NATE. Oh, it was grand. Everything tasted so expensive; everything was so fancy, the music, the dishes, the waiters—and such nice people—only somebody got away with my rubbers.

JANE. *(Rises, puts shoes* L. *of bench)* I'm glad you had a good time.

NATE. I never had such a time, so many different kinds of knives and forks and spoons. I made a few mistakes, but it's all right—*(Rises and goes left, taking off his coat—hangs it up on peg below door—takes menu from pocket)*—I'll learn. I've got to. I'm a big man now. I got to know everything.

(JANE *crosses to chair right of table and gets bathrobe and holds it.* NATE *crosses right to* JANE *and puts on bathrobe.)*

JANE. What did you have for dinner?

NATE. Umm, umm, what a dinner! I brought this home for you. *(Gives her menu.)*

JANE. The menu.

NATE. You know? (JANE *helps him on with bathrobe.)* I want to keep it as a souvenir of my first dinner. Say, that Mrs. Watson is a fine woman, believe me. *(Sits in chair* R. *of table.)*

JANE. How was she dressed?

NATE. Not much. Only from here down. *(Indicates chest.)* But she looked grand and she smelled beautiful. She's young, for a widow. I want you to get well acquainted with her. I fixed up an appointment for you to meet her tomorrow at the hotel.

JANE. At the hotel?

NATE. Yes, we're going to move tomorrow.

JANE. Move? Where?

NATE. First we're going to a hotel. It's all right, my lawyers fixed it. Mrs. Graham and Jones are going to advance me the money. I already registered, and I tell you it looks fine written out in big letters in the book.

JANE. What?

NATE. Mr. Nathaniel Orange and his daughter.

JANE. Who are they?

NATE. That's me and you.

JANE. You're not going to change your name?

NATE. Why not? Pommerantz means Orange. Pommerantz—that's a fine name—for fifty-five years I've been carrying it around—it's about time I made a change—everything's going to be changed—I didn't tell you we're going to buy a house of our own on the Square right away—so much down and the balance—*if*——

JANE. I hope we'll be as happy there as we've been here.

NATE. *(Showing affection)* Why not? If we could get along so good together all these years in a dark, dingy little cubbyhole like this, imagine the happiness that's waiting for us, Two Blocks Away. *(Pats her hand—she hugs him.)* You ain't mad with me any more, huh?

JANE. No, darling. *(Sits on his right knee.)*

NATE. That makes the whole night a big success. We never had a fight before, and it was my fault.

JANE. No, no——

NATE. Yeh, yeh! I was excited—not for myself: on account of you. Because with all this money I can give you what you need. No living in a tenement house, slaving your life away like the other women in the neighborhood, sixty years old by the time they're thirty—that ain't going to be for my little girl. Ain't you glad?

JANE. I am if you are. *(She kisses him.)* Are you going to bed?

NATE. Not for a little while. You know, after such a dinner, I want to give my tummy a chance. You go ahead. *(Starts to rise.)*

JANE. *(Rises)* No, I'm not sleepy. I'll sit up with you.

NATE. *(Annoyed)* No, go to bed. I got something to do, and besides you'll catch cold with your bare feets. *(Puts her left of him, urging her to bed.)* You got to get up early tomorrow to pack our trunk.

JANE. *(Starts left)* Oh, what do you want to take?

NATE. Nothing. *(Looks around.)* Just the few rags we got to wear temporary. We'll take nothing else from here—oh, except the horseshoe—it brought us luck.

JANE. *(Looks at horseshoe over door)* Why, it's upside down—the luck is running out.

NATE. Well, I ain't superstitious. We'll take it. For everything else in this shebang, Monday morning the junk man comes. Good-night, Sweetie. *(Helps her over to door left.)*

JANE. *(At door)* Good-night. *(Kisses him and exits at left.)*

(NATE *alone, closes door. As soon as* JANE *is gone he stealthily goes to ice-box, gets out plate of corned beef and cabbage, sits at table* L.C., *rolls up sleeves of bathrobe and looks at menu a moment—puts it down—then looks at plate, smiles, and goes to it in the good old-fashioned way as curtain falls.)*

CURTAIN

ACT II

TIME: *Another Saturday night, about a year later.*

PLACE: NATE'S *home in aristocratic section, "The Square," just two blocks away from the old neighborhood of Act I.*

SCENE: *A library—elaborate.*

DESCRIPTION: *At back center, entrance from the hall or foyer; left side, entrance to drawing-room or reception room.*

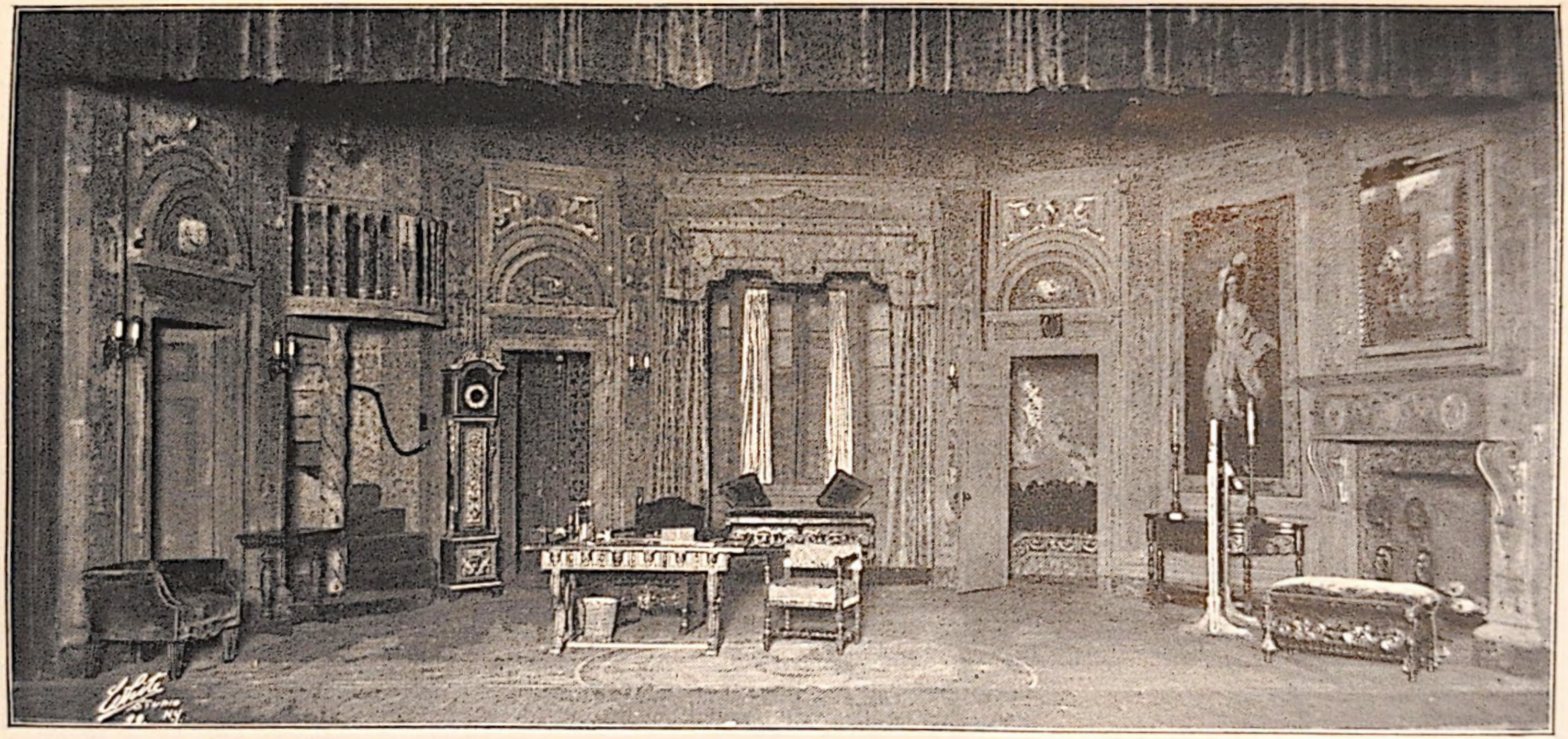
Stairway up R. *to other rooms in house, circular. Entrance down stage* R. *Large table* R.C. *and halfway down stage. At left side, large mirror. Private door to street up stage left, facing audience—for rain effect picture at end of Act II.*

NOTE: *In set there should be large practical clock up left. It is a few minutes before seven at rise of curtain.*

Telephone on table. Same rusty old horseshoe as in Act I, hanging over private door at L.C., *mounted on plush.*

AT RISE: *Pause, long enough to let audience get effect of set and to get any possible laugh on same and the change in* NATE'S *position and affluence—then telephone rings.*

(Enter from right MARTIN, *the butler, with tea,*



TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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toast, etc., on tray which he places on small table below stairs. MARTIN *is about fifty-five years old, white hair, benign face. He speaks with suggestion of English dialect. He stands a moment at entrance—looks about—looks upstairs right, cautiously—creates mystery, secretiveness—makes sure he will not be overheard—then goes to table, takes 'phone from table and answers in subdued voice.)*

MARTIN. *(In 'phone)* Residence of Mr. Nathaniel Orange. Yes,—Martin speaking. Tonight? But I understood the steamer was held in quarantine until morning. Splendid. He and Mr. Ives are going out tonight, that will give me an opportunity to arrange things. I understand. Don't worry, Tom, I'll have them tonight, but tell Mr. Lewis to be sure to bring the duplicate—— What? No, no, Mr. Orange doesn't even suspect—he's entirely ignorant——

(Enter NATE *on balcony—overhears the last part of* MARTIN'S *conversation.* NATE *wears smoking-jacket, very elaborate. He is very nervous and irritable.)*

NATE. *(Over balcony)* Who's ignorant?

MARTIN. *(Hangs up quickly and goes up stage a little—recovers himself, lieing suavely)* Another reporter, sir, trying to reach your secretary about the consolidation. I simply explained that everyone but you was entirely ignorant of the facts.

NATE. *(Crosses below* MARTIN *to back of table at* R.C.*)* That's right—nobody knows anything but me. *(*MARTIN *goes* R. *of table, takes pill from small medicine chest on lower* R. *end of desk, and offers it to* NATE, *cover off.)* What's that?

MARTIN. *(R. of* NATE*)* Your digitalis, sir. *(He holds up glass of water.)*

NATE. *(Taking pill from box, and glass of water)* That's all I do—all day long I go from bottle to bottle. *(Swallows pill and drinks water.)* Medicines, medicines! First thing I know it will be coming out of my ears. I'm a walking drug store. *(Reaches over to humidor and takes cigar.)*

MARTIN. *(Picks up small thermometer—takes cigar from* NATE'S *mouth)* You mustn't smoke, sir. *(Puts thermometer in* NATE'S *mouth—first he shakes it.)* Excuse me!

NATE. *(Sits—has thermometer in mouth—tries to talk)* Is Ives upstairs? *(Bus. with papers on desk.)*

MARTIN. Yes, in his room.

NATE. *(Looks through papers quickly, throws letters, etc., in basket)* Charity contributions,—fakes, I'll bet you a cookie. (MARTIN *takes thermometer from his mouth.)* How much am I?

MARTIN. *(Looks at thermometer)* Ninety-eight and six-tenths.

NATE. I'm going up—give me something.

MARTIN. Quinine?

NATE. No, I'll have some of that Creme de Minute. *(Indicates large green bottle which is on small medicine cabinet or in front of it. Note: The bottle should be green, not the liquid.)*

MARTIN. That is your sleep medicine, sir.

NATE. That stuff is no good. *(Indicating on small medicine measuring glass)* Last night I took up to here, and tossed around till daylight.

MARTIN. *(Takes medicine glass—goes step up)* You took too much, sir. You must be careful, it contains morphia. One teaspoonful—*(Indicates on glass)*—will put you to sleep—an overdose, however, will have just the opposite effect.

NATE. Gets you all excited, huh?

MARTIN. Yes, sir.

NATE. *(Looking at glass)* I got to look out for that. To sleep, medicine; to eat, medicine; to work, medicine——

MARTIN. I'm afraid you have too many doctors, sir. *(Puts glass on table.)*

NATE. *(Signing checks, etc.)* Is that my fault? They send me from one to the other. You can't get one doctor to do the whole job any more, it's all piece work. Like that last one, that lunatic from Chicago. He said all I needed was a monkey gland, and he wanted to give me one for five thousand, and I know where I can get a whole monkey for eighteen dollars, and a hand-organ besides. (MARTIN *goes right, gets tea tray from table and brings it to* NATE *at table* R.C.) Say, Martin! Did I tell you I was out tonight? At eight o'clock I got a meeting at the Ritz with the bankers—and oh, Martin, did you figure it out where Miss Jane is tonight?

MARTIN. *(Evasively)* She should be in Venice, unless they changed their plans. *(Puts tray down on desk.)*

NATE. Just think where she's been in five months. You been to Venice?

MARTIN. *(Bus. with tray)* Often.

NATE. *(Holding out glass of water)* Give me my lithia tablet. (MARTIN *does so—puts it in glass.)* Nice town?

MARTIN. Beautiful!

NATE. *(Pushing butter away)* Take away the butter. I mustn't eat it.

MARTIN. *(Puts butter aside—gets saccharine ready)* Venice is wonderful with its ancient palaces, its streets of water.

NATE. Streets of water? I hope she's got on her rubbers. *(Holds out cup.)* My saccharine. (MARTIN *shakes some from bottle into his cup.)* But it's all right. Mrs. Watson will look after her.

MARTIN. Undoubtedly. Mrs. Watson is a very clever woman. *(Puts bottle down.)*

NATE. Undoubtedly. Look at the wages she's getting out of me. But that I don't begrudge, so long as Jane gets the education, and all the modern improvements of a lady. *(Picks up photograph in frame on desk—looks at it proudly.)* Look how she looks. Look at this one, a snapshot taken 'way up on the top of Switzerland. And look, here she stands in London, right in front of Westminister Abbey. Such a girl! *(Sighs.)* Well, I hope she's having a good time, particular tonight—her birthday, the first one in fifteen years we didn't spend together. I miss her so. *(By this time he has finished his tea, etc.)* Without her I don't know what to do next. *(To* MARTIN*)* Give me my pepsin. *(Rises.* MARTIN *hands him box of pills. He takes one, puts it in his mouth and walks slightly left.)*

MARTIN. *(Putting box down)* Perhaps, Mr. Orange—— (NATE *stops. He turns—faces* MARTIN.) You wouldn't find it quite so lonely if you resumed—— Well, you know you have so many old friends just two blocks away.

NATE. You mean we should move back on Second Avenue? People in our position?

MARTIN. But when Miss Jane returns and finds you have practically severed all relations with her old friends——

NATE. Say, by the time she comes back she won't look at them. I'll be lucky if she looks at me. *(He sighs.)*

MARTIN. But she's very fond of them, sir.

NATE. *(Angry at once)* I suppose you know more about her than I do. I raised her from a little cradle, and you're going to tell me. (MARTIN *picks up tray from desk and starts down and right.)* I think that's fresh.

MARTIN. *(Stops—crestfallen)* I'm afraid so, but it won't happen again, sir.

NATE. *(Mollified—goes front of table to* MARTIN) That's all right. Don't be mad. *(Touches* MARTIN *on shoulder and goes up between chair* R. *of desk and desk.)* You see, you don't know what it is to be a father.

MARTIN. *(Starts for door right)* Oh, yes, I do, sir.

NATE. *(Sits back of desk)* Are you married?

MARTIN. No, sir. *(Puts tray on small serving-table above door right.)* I'm a widower. *(Returns to table—arranges pill boxes, etc.)*

NATE. I'll bet your child is a fine girl, huh?

MARTIN. *(Returning to table above door at right)* My child is a son. *(Picks up tray as if to leave.)*

NATE. *(Busy with papers)* What are you making out of him?

MARTIN. Nothing.

NATE. Then you don't have to worry about him.

MARTIN. I've always believed that parental authority should be abolished. *(Comes slowly toward* NATE *at desk.)* My theory is that after a certain age children should be allowed to develop their own lives—— *(Telephone bell rings.)*

(Bus. Pause. NATE *rises, sees* MARTIN *has tray in his hands. Awkward moment as* MARTIN *doesn't know how to answer 'phone and hold tray at same time.* NATE *picks up the 'phone—starts to put it to his ear—then hands it to* MARTIN.)

NATE. *(Handing* MARTIN *the 'phone)* Why don't you answer the 'phone?

(Bus. MARTIN *is confused. Doesn't know what to do with the tray.* NATE *puts the telephone down*

on desk—takes the tray from MARTIN. MARTIN *picks up telephone and answers it.)*

MARTIN. *(In 'phone)* Hello!

NATE. *(Still holding tray)* The Foreman?

MARTIN. *(Nods to* NATE) Yes. *(In 'phone)* Just a moment, Mr. Harris. *(Same business of confusion as before.* NATE *gets impatient.)*

NATE. Put it down. (MARTIN *puts telephone on desk.* NATE *hands him tray and picks up telephone.)* I'll give him a Mister! Bring me my nerve tonic. I'm going to give him Hell. *(Sits.* MARTIN *exits down* R. *with tray. In 'phone)* Now, listen, Harris, I can't raise the wages unless I raise the price of the shoe, and that ain't's going to be. I'm making the Orange three-dollar shoe, no more, no less, in good times and bad, in sickness and health, and in war and peace. Say, don't you tell me how to run my shop. I'll stand for no more bluffs. You go right back to the meeting and tell 'em that, and then if you want a closed shop, I'll close up the shop. *(Hangs up angrily. Rises. Struts across the room very proudly—stalks in front of mirror—catches a glimpse of himself in mirror—looks admiringly at himself.)* I'll show 'em! Start to fool with me. Who do they think I am, some cheap little piker from the East Side? *(Enter* IVES *from upper right.)*

IVES. How are you feeling now, Mr. Orange? *(Enter* MARTIN *lower right.)*

NATE. *(Briskly coming down to desk)* Terrible, thank you.

MARTIN. *(With medicine on salver, in bottle, some poured out in glass which he hands* NATE) Your chlorodine, sir.

NATE. Oh, my nerve tonic. *(Drinks, hands glass back.)* That puts the old pep into you. (MARTIN *puts glass and bottle on desk. To* IVES) But come. You got the agreement ready?

IVES. *(Standing—placing papers on desk)* Yes. (MARTIN *and* IVES *exchange glasses.* IVES *notes* MARTIN *is hanging around.)* You're through with Martin?

NATE. Yes. *(Exit* MARTIN *at lower right.)*

IVES. Mr. Orange, did you look into Martin's references when you employed him?

NATE. I didn't hire him. Jane got him for me—why?

IVES. Somebody has been going through my papers.

NATE. That ain't Martin. That's the housekeeper—her nose is every place. *(Sits.)* But come on. We got lots to do. Let me see the agreement with the chain store syndicate. (IVES *hands him contract, about twenty pages, typewritten, bound.)* You made all the changes?

IVES. *(Nods)* Everything's there. We get control. I'm on the Board of Directors. (NATE *looks surprised and inquiringly at* IVES.) Of course, you'll be president.

NATE. *(Pleased)* President Orange. *(Smiles.)*

IVES. *(Stands* L. *of* NATE) I had Drake on the 'phone—they agree to everything. All it requires is your signature. They'll be there at eight o'clock tonight, ready to sign up.

NATE. At last. With this chain of stores all over the world, the name of Orange on a shoe will mean the same as Orange Phosphate. *(Puts paper down—picks up another.)* Papers, papers—more papers. Oh, my will. *(Picks up will.)* Fine. *(Puts it aside—picks up income tax.)* And I see you got here my income tax report.

IVES. *(Busy with papers)* Yes.

NATE. *(Looks at it proudly)* My first income tax—fine!

IVES. Here's the tentative return for the corporation. *(Indicates on report.)*

NATE. *(Puts on glasses—very pleased)* How much?

IVES. *(Sits left end of table—indicates figures on report)* This is the normal tax.

NATE. *(Looks—flabbergasted at amount)* Ey! Why don't you wrap up the factory and send it to them?

IVES. It *is* rather stiff, but you've made a lot of money this year, and we're still paying for the war, you know.

NATE. Undoubtedly. But I didn't lose the war. Why should I pay the *indemnity?* Eighteen thousand! How it's can be?

IVES. That isn't so bad. It's the excess profits tax that hurts.

NATE. You mean there's another tax yet?

IVES. The worst of all—thirty-seven thousand dollars.

NATE. Besides the other one?

IVES. Yes, sir.

NATE. *(Strikes desk—rises)* I won't pay it! *(Walks right and up.)*

IVES. *(Rises)* But, Mr. Orange——

NATE. Never mind, I won't pay it. *(Steps further* R. *and turns.)* Sit down and write 'em a letter.

IVES. *(Slightly amused)* What can I say?

NATE. Tell them the truth—that it's a highway robbery in the first degree. Tell them if the Government needs money, at least they got a mint to make it and I ain't. *(Walks up and down.)*

IVES. That's out of the question, Mr. Orange.

NATE. Well, then, tell them in plain language that I can't afford it. They're only wasting their time. I positively refuse to pay it, and ask 'em what they're going to do about it. *(Walks up and down, then to chair at table.)*

IVES. Now be reasonable. You must realize that

Uncle Sam gives you protection, gives you the opportunity to acquire wealth.

NATE. *(Sits, in despair, at desk)* What's the good when right away he takes it away from you?

IVES. The trouble with you, Mr. Orange, is that you've not only been enormously successful in your business, but all your investments have been remarkably profitable.

NATE. Oh, I see, I had bad luck—I made money.

IVES. That's just it. You see, when you were poor you didn't have to pay, but now that you *have* made this fortune, you ought to be glad to contribute your mite to the support of a wonderful government like this.

NATE. Say, who are you working for—President Harding or President Orange? (IVES *sits.)* Now listen. (NATE *rises.)* You take these figures back to the bookkeepers and tell them I ain't satisfied at all. It's got to be cut down. *(Drops papers on table.)*

IVES. But how?

NATE. How is their business. *(Goes toward mirror.)* I can't be bothered with details. Now that's off my hands, I'll get dressed for the meeting. *(Admires himself in mirror. Talks to himself in mirror.)* Wait till Jane finds out how you've grown up since she's been away.

IVES. No doubt she'll be mighty proud of you.

NATE. Undoubtedly. Oh, if Europe was only across the street—— *(Comes back to table.)*

IVES. You really should get away, Mr. Orange—you're working too hard. I have the business pretty well in hand now. Perhaps you don't realize——

NATE. Don't I? I ain't giving you twenty per cent. of the stock in the consolidation for nothing, believe me. I appreciate how hard you worked, and that you gave up your job with Graham and Jones to come with me. You're a fine young man and

you'll be a very rich one, some day—if you stick to me. *(Puts hand on* IVES' *shoulder—takes step or two right.)*

IVES. Nothing would please me better, Mr. Orange. *(Rises.)* And as you get along in years, I'm sure it would be a comfort to you to know that there is someone who can carry on the business after. We must face the future, you understand.

NATE. *(Standing back of desk)* Sure, you got me dead already.

IVES. *(Takes step nearer* NATE) Well, to come to the point, Mr. Orange——

NATE. I already come to it. *(Picks up picture from desk.)* You like Jane, eh? *(Looks at picture.)* Well, for that I can't blame you—a beautiful girl, with a rich father. *(Puts picture down.)*

IVES. Mr. Orange——

NATE. *(Starts right)* I ain't saying—— Say, without a cent she would be a catch for any man.

IVES. *I* think so.

NATE. *(Near stairway)* You would marry her if she didn't have a dollar?

IVES. Gladly.

NATE. *(Starts up steps)* Well, maybe I'll take you up some day.

IVES. *(Goes right slightly)* I hope you will.

NATE. *(Looking over balcony)* I ain't giving you no option, however. I will state as follows: Your proposition sounds attractive. Will receive due consideration, and in the meantime you must be satisfied we got your application on file. With best wishes and kindest regards, yours truly—— *(Realizing)* Excuse me. *(Exit* NATE *from balcony.)*

(IVES *goes to desk* R.C. *Rings for* MARTIN. *Enter* MARTIN *at lower right. He stands just inside door.)*

IVES. *(Speaking very quietly)* Martin, you were on this 'phone a few moments ago. To whom were you talking? (MARTIN *hesitates.)* I was on the branch wire upstairs.

MARTIN. I was speaking with Mr. Roland, sir.

IVES. Martin, why are you so interested in Tom Roland? *(Sits.)*

MARTIN. I feel under obligation to him because he spoke to Miss Jane and secured this position for me.

IVES. Oh, he got you the job. I see. Now, Martin, what did you mean by, "An opportunity to arrange things"?

MARTIN. *(Slightly flustered—recovers)* Oh, yes—yes. Why—Miss Jane's home-coming being a surprise to Mr. Orange, and since they arrive tonight——

IVES. Tonight—— *(Rises.)* The boat won't pass Quarantine until morning.

MARTIN. But Mr. Lewis succeeded in getting them off in a police boat.

IVES. Then they're on their way up now. (MARTIN *nods.)* Martin, you know too much.

MARTIN. I'm afraid so, but it won't happen again, sir. *(Turns to go right. Doorbell rings, off upper right. Turns* L. *to* IVES.) The ladies, sir. (MARTIN *goes to door upper right, leaves door open.)*

IVES. We'll have a talk a little later.

MARTIN. What's going on here? *(Stops—turns to* IVES, *at door)* At your convenience, sir.

(Bell rings again. Exit MARTIN *upper right.* IVES *looks worried, goes left to above mirror. Voices of* MRS. WATSON, MARTIN *and* JANE *heard off —subdued greetings. Enter* MRS. WATSON. *She comes down to* L.C. IVES *goes up to* L.C. *They meet, shake hands—she is nervous, con-*

strained. Enter JANE, *followed by* MARTIN, *immediately after* MRS. WATSON.)

(NOTE: *The following dialogue spoken rapidly and to give impression of excitement and secretiveness.)*

IVES. *(Shaking hands with* MRS. WATSON *at* L.C.*)* Welcome home—this is fine. *(To* JANE*)* Jane, I'm so glad to see you.

JANE. Sh! *(Whispers—comes down stage and right of desk.)* Where's Daddy?

IVES. *(Near door at* R.*)* In his room. (MARTIN *comes down to stairway and places bag below stairway and stands listening on stairway.)*

JANE. I just can't wait. Martin, run upstairs—Just say there's a lady to see him.

MARTIN. Very well, Miss. *(Starts up stairs.)*

JANE. Don't tell, mind.

MARTIN. *(Turns to them—waves them off)* He's coming——

(MARTIN *comes down the stairs. Picks up bag, very much excited.* MRS. WATSON, JANE *and* IVES *exit up right, hurriedly, in confusion,* IVES *helping get them off. Enter* NATE *on balcony above. He is dressed in dinner clothes, all but his tie, which is untied. He has heard sound of whispering and door closing.)*

NATE. *(Coming down stairs)* Who's that? What's going on here?

(MARTIN, *in confusion, tries to hide bag behind him. Crosses above table to left of it and stands with bag behind him, facing* NATE *as he enters the room.)*

MARTIN. *(Left of desk at* R.C.*)* A lady to see you, sir.

NATE. *(Going direct to mirror at* L.*)* What's her name? *(Fixes tie.)*

MARTIN. *(Turns, faces* NATE*—hiding bag)* She didn't give her name.

NATE. Send her away.

MARTIN. She—she's not the kind one turns away, sir.

NATE. What kind is she?

MARTIN. Beautiful—charming.

NATE. Show her in. (MARTIN, *relieved, starts up left end of table for door—holds bag at side.* NATE *sees it.)* Whose bag? *(Indicating.)*

MARTIN. *(Turning to him)* The—the lady's, sir.

NATE. She brought her bag already? Let her in. *(Exit* MARTIN *up right with bag.* NATE *looks in mirror, fixes tie—speaks to himself as he looks in mirror)* What money will do, eh? Beautiful women are starting to hang around—and at your age! Well—— *(Shrugs shoulders. Enter* MRS. WATSON, *right upper.)*

MRS. WATSON. Mr. Orange.

(NATE *turns, sees her. He is immediately shocked, frightened, can hardly speak. Goes step up* R. MRS. WATSON *comes to* L.C.)

NATE. Mrs. Watson! Where's Jane? What's happened? Don't tell me—— *(Enter* JANE *and* MARTIN. JANE *has removed her hat and wraps.)*

JANE. *(Running to him—they embrace left of desk)* Daddy!

(MARTIN *sees* NATE'S *excited condition and comes down to* R. *end of desk and gets nerve tonic. Takes cork from bottle and pours some in glass.)*

NATE. *(Embracing* JANE, *swinging her around so that she is below desk and left of him)* Jane, Jane—you beautiful thing! *(Almost collapses.)*

MARTIN. *(Offering bottle and glass)* Your nerve tonic.

NATE. *(Half turning to him)* What?

MARTIN. Your chlorodine——

NATE. *(Waves* MARTIN *away)* Go away. I got my baby—that's all the medicine I need.

JANE. *(Anxiously)* You're sick and you didn't let me know. (MARTIN *goes up to right end of desk.)*

NATE. No, no, I'm not sick—I'm just rich, and the doctors found it out.

MRS. WATSON. *(Just above desk)* I know you two lovers have a million things to say to each other —if you'll excuse me—— *(She goes up a little.)*

NATE. Undoubtedly, with pleasure—— *(Catches himself—realizes—goes up after her to* R.C.*)*

JANE. Dearie!

NATE. *(Apologetically to* MRS. WATSON) I'm so excited—I'm so happy I didn't mean to be polite.

MRS. WATSON. I understand.

NATE. That Martin, he told me it was a lady. *(To* MARTIN) You son-of-a-gun!

(MARTIN *goes up to door upper* R. MRS. WATSON *offers her hand.* NATE *takes it, kisses gloved hand. Exit* MRS. WATSON, *followed by* MARTIN. JANE *and* NATE *look at each other.* NATE, *now that he is alone with this beautiful girl, is overawed by her distinction and class. She seems like a different person than the girl who went away. He is impressed, shy, like a lover left alone with his sweetheart for the first time. She seems so far above him. She arranges her hair at mirror, etc.)*

NATE. *(Humbly)* I mussed you up—excuse me. *(Comes down* L.C. *to* JANE.)

JANE. *(Turns to him—takes step to him)* Dearie, what's the matter?

NATE. Almost I'm afraid to talk to you.

JANE. *(Laughs)* Why, darling! *(Embraces him.)*

NATE. Aha! You couldn't stay away from me on your birthday. But why didn't you let me know? You knocked me silly. *(Fondles her and holds her hands.)* But you're back, thank God! I just can't get over it. *(Looks her over.)* The way you look—my, my! You dressed up on the boat, huh?

JANE. Uh-huh!

NATE. You know, I think you're bigger. Let's see, I want to measure. *(Takes her hand and leads her up to mirror—they stand back to back and measure.)* At least a half inch.

JANE. No, Daddy, it's my heels. *(Shows them.)*

NATE. Let me see? *(He kneels down to examine shoes.)* Where you got 'em, Paris, huh?

JANE. *(Left of* NATE, *holding foot up, right hand on his shoulder)* Yes.

NATE. *(Examining them)* How much?

JANE. A hundred francs—seven dollars.

NATE. They soaked you. *(Rises.)*

JANE. *(Laughs—going to mirror)* Where did you get this beautiful mirror?

NATE. You like it? From an aquarium.

JANE. You mean an antiquarian?

NATE. Sure, that's what I said. It's an antic. *(Crosses below* JANE *to left of her, near mirror.)* It's a Mary Ann somebody.

JANE. Marie Antoinette?

NATE. Oh, you know, too. The salesman told me all about it. Around this mirror is something—it's a long Magilla.

JANE. A legend?

NATE. That's it. Like in a story book. And the salesman told me that 'way back in the days of Mary Ann everybody wanted to look in that mirror because they could see themselves as they really are, not like they looked to somebody else. And Jane, many a night when I been alone I've looked in that mirror and I didn't look like me at all. *(Crosses below* JANE *to right of her.)* Oh, Jane, I'm talkin', talkin'—I never thought—— Did you have your dinner yet?

JANE. *(Turns to him—goes slightly to him)* Dinner? Now? Oh, no, dear. They'll have plenty to eat at the party.

NATE. Party?

JANE. Oh, of course they didn't tell you.

NATE. *(Questioningly, but pleasantly)* They? Who? Didn't tell me what?

JANE. *(Goes to him—grabs him with joy)* About my birthday party, tonight—at Daddy Bill's.

NATE. Daddy Bill's!

JANE. Yes, and they'll all be there—all our old friends—— *(Lets go of him.)* I'm just dying to see them. *(Looks at audience—is* L. *of* NATE.)

NATE. They all knew you was coming back?

JANE. Yes, I sent them each a wireless—everybody I could think of—Daddy Bill, Mrs. Finnigan, Molly, Giuseppe, Tony, Schmitty——

NATE. Each a wireless, and me you didn't send!

JANE. *(Look of disappointment)* I wanted to surprise you.

NATE. *(Unconvinced and hurt—jealous pride)* H'mmm! I see, I see now why you came back—you came back for their party. *(Turns to audience.)*

JANE. *(Goes to him)* Now, Daddy——

NATE. That's why you're all dressed up, not for me—— *(Turns to her)* For them. I must have done something terrible to you—everybody knows

your secrets but me, everybody gets a wireless—who am I, nothing—less. *(Crosses below her to left.)*

JANE. *(Goes to him)* Now, Dearie, you're jealous.

NATE. Jealous! Me? President Orange, millionaire—I should lower myself to be jealous of Second Avenue? I'd like to see myself. *(Crosses below her to right—his back to her.)*

JANE. *(Goes to him—hands on his shoulders)* I had no idea of slighting you, dear. You know that my first thought was of you. I could hardly wait. They'll tell you that.

NATE. *(Turns to her—she drops her hands)* They—who?

JANE. *(Left of him)* Daddy Lewis, and—and Tom.

NATE. Oh, you've seen 'em already?

JANE. Yes. (NATE *looks at her a moment. He crosses left below her and goes up a little. Following him)* Why, if it hadn't been for them we wouldn't be home tonight. Our boat was held in Quarantine until tomorrow, but Daddy Bill got us off in a police boat.

NATE. *(Stops walking)* Already he's got you running around with policemen. Nice company for you, the daughter of Nathaniel Orange, the shoehorn,—shoe king.

JANE. *(Right of him—sits on arm of chair, left of desk)* They were just lovely. It was wonderful. Everybody on the steamer envied us, and Tom was perfectly fine. He attended to our baggage, passports, everything. It was a triumph. Everybody waved and cheered as the police boat took us off.

NATE. Why not? They thought you was arrested. How did they bring you to the house, in a patrol wagon?

JANE. Tom drove us up in his own little car.

He'll be back to take us to the party. *(Goes up to window at center.)*

NATE. Us?

JANE. *(Turns, comes back to* NATE) Of course, they all expect you.

NATE. Jane, I can see I got to put my feet down. Jane! (JANE *drops down a little—is right of him.)* It's time you should realize that you ain't the same little East Side girl like you was once upon a time. Those people ain't in the same class with you, and I don't want you to run around with them any more.

JANE. But I can't give them up so easily. *(Sits in chair* L. *of desk.)* They've been the only friends I've had for nineteen years.

NATE. *(Goes to her)* Now you're going to make better friends. That's what makes your life, is the people you've got around you. If we meet fine people, we take some of the fineness from them—and if we meet vices versas—we become vica vorser. No, Jane, to be somebody you got to meet the right people. How many people maybe could be great but never amount to nothing because they don't move in the right circles. I bet you a cookie there's thousands and thousands floating around who could be big fish, but turn out only little suckers because they don't swim in the right ocean. *(Goes* L. *slightly.)*

JANE. *(Rises—follows him)* But Daddy, surely you don't want me to drop all my old friends out of my life just because we're rich and they're poor. I really must go tonight, Daddy. I promised and I want you to go with me. Please, Daddy—*(Puts hands on his arm, coaxingly)*—say you'll go. Just think, we're only two blocks away.

(Enter MARTIN *at upper right.)*

NATE. No, no, we're two worlds away.

MARTIN. *(Announcing)* Mr. Tom Roland.

NATE. *(Angrily—goes up slightly—*JANE *follows)* Already! They won't let me have a few minutes alone with you, even the first night. *(Goes to* L.C.*)* I got some rights—send him away.

JANE. *(Goes to* NATE*)* But I asked him to come. What will he think of me?

(MARTIN *crosses above table to private door, upper left.)*

NATE. I said something—that's enough.

(Meanwhile MARTIN *is at door upper* L. *and watches* NATE. *Carefully turns key in lock, unheard, and is almost caught when* NATE *turns. He recovers himself and stands upper* L.*)*

JANE. But Daddy, this is an event for Tom. His father is back—he's been back for months and we're to meet him tonight.

NATE. I don't want to meet him. I know enough tramps. I don't want their parties. *(Sees* MARTIN *standing at* L.*)* Well, what are you standing? Have I got to fight with you, too?

MARTIN. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. *(Crosses right above table and exits upper right.)*

JANE. *(Dropping down* L.C.*)* And I thought I had it all planned so beautifully.

NATE. *(Following her)* What I'm doing is for your good. That Tom Roland ain't nobody for you to run around with. You can have your pick. Only tonight, before you came home yet, I got a application, and it ain't such a bad proposition neither. He's going to be one of the big men, knows the business thorough, and when I step down he'll be all ready to walk in my shoes.

JANE. You mean Mr. Ives has spoken to you—for me?

NATE. Yes, we talked it all over tonight.

JANE. Why, Daddy, don't you know that he and Mrs. Watson——

NATE. What?

JANE. Never mind, but I hope you didn't encourage him to think that I——

NATE. Oh, I put him off, but it's no harm. A young man with the income he's going to have after this consolidation goes through——

JANE. Oh, Daddy—something's happened to you. I'm—I'm sorry I came back. *(She turns—goes* L.*)*

NATE. *(Goes to her)* Jane, you talk like I done something.

JANE. You're a different man than the one I used to love so.

NATE. Used to love? Don't you—don't you love me like you used to?

JANE. *(Not looking at him)* I do love you, but I love them, too.

NATE. I don't like to see you think so much of them. *(She looks up at him.)* It makes you think less of me.

JANE. No, it doesn't. And I'm not going to lose them, for money, or anything, or anybody. *(Faces audience.)*

NATE. I see. You think more of those people than you do of me. Your heart is two blocks away. *(Points out window—goes up slightly to* L.C.*)*

(Knock at door upper left. NATE *thinks it is door right. Faces right.* JANE *goes up left.)*

JANE. Come in!

(Enter TOM *through private door* U.L.*)*

TOM. *(To* JANE, *hurriedly, not seeing* NATE*)* Jane, dear—where's the old crab?

JANE. Tom!

NATE. *(Comes to him)* Here I am.

TOM. *(Embarrassed—sees* NATE) Excuse me! 'Evening, Mr.—Mr. Orange.

(Enter MARTIN *upper right—not seeing* TOM.)

MARTIN. Mr. Roland has left.

NATE. Is that so? You see, you leave my private door unlocked and everybody walks in. (TOM *joins* JANE *down left. Exit* MARTIN *upper right.* NATE *comes down to* TOM.) Young man! Jane's not going to the party. She's going to stay home. Good night. I hope you have a nice time with the Finnigans, and that it don't end up in a fight like always—and don't forget to send my regards to your little crooked side-partner, Jimmy Finnigan, hiding up in Canada with my hundred dollars. *(Crosses above desk to right slightly.* TOM *makes start to* NATE—JANE *stops him.)*

JANE. *(Taking* TOM'S *arm)* Don't answer him. (TOM *goes up and slightly left.* JANE *goes to* L. *end of desk.)* But why make such a fuss about a little party?

NATE. Because I know it's more than going to a party. Tonight is the beginning of a new life. If you start in with those kind of people again, they'll hang on to you—you'll never be able to get rid of them—just like him. (TOM *comes down to left of* JANE.)

JANE. *(Turning to* TOM) Tom, don't mind him.

TOM. *(Arm around* JANE) Oh, that's all right. He might as well know that I'm going to hang on to you till the finish. We'd better go, Jane. *(Turns* JANE *around facing toward door upper right.)*

NATE. *(Back of desk)* Jane, if you go with that feller tonight, with those people, then I know you ain't got no feeling for me at all. I don't want to

boss you around and give you orders. All I want from you is to do what I say. If you go, you'll just take the heart out of me. I'll be sick—I'm sick already—who cares? Nobody. Oi, an old man should never be born! *(Drops in chair back of desk, head in hands.)*

JANE. *(Goes to* NATE—*puts hands on his shoulders)* Tom, I think you'd better go along without me. *(Pause. During pause* NATE *looks up—pats* JANE'S *hands.)*

TOM. All right! *(Goes up to door upper right—stops, turns)* You're going to let him get away with this—(NATE *rises, goes to right side of door)*—when you know it's wrong, small, petty and mean——

NATE. That's enough. She told you to go without her. Martin will help you on with your hat.

JANE. Please let me talk to Tom alone. (TOM *drops down and left slightly.)*

NATE. All right. *(Starts up stairs. Stops on second step—turns.)* But you're not going to the party?

JANE. No. You've had your way. (TOM *drops down* L. *to below mirror.)*

NATE. My way, as if—— All right. *(Goes up to top of stairs.)*

(JANE *goes to* TOM *at left and pantomimes talk with him.* NATE *looks over balcony and catches them.)*

NATE. Ahah!

JANE. *(Turning and looking at* NATE *on balcony —very angry)* You've made me and all our old friends unhappy, so you ought to be satisfied to give me a moment alone with Tom.

NATE. A fine way to talk to me—I wish I was dead, God forbid. *(Exit* NATE *from balcony.)*

TOM. *(Puts hat on settee—turns to* JANE) You

see what he's up to—that's why he sent you to Europe, to make you forget me. He'll be sending you away again.

JANE. I'm not going away again. I think I'm needed here. *(Turns to right.)*

TOM. *(Goes to her)* If you let him have his way this time, I can see what's going to happen—I'll lose you.

JANE. No, Tom.

TOM. You'll go along, meet a lot of new people, make a lot of swell friends; we'll just drift further and further apart, and I want you, dear—I've loved you ever since we were kids. I grew up that way. And now, well—I've thought about it and read about it a whole lot, and everybody agrees that that first love is a darn sweet, wonderful thing, honey—don't let's lose it.

JANE. We won't, dear. *(Embraces him.)* But I can't go to that party tonight. I must do as Daddy Nate says. Remember, he's my father. *(Crosses to left, her back to him.)*

TOM. *(A little sharp)* Bill Lewis is your father, too, but I don't suppose poor Bill counts any more, it's all Daddy Nate—he's got the money.

JANE. *(Turns quickly—faces him)* What a dreadful thing to say!

TOM. *(Sorry at once—goes to her)* I'm sorry.

JANE. You'd better go.

TOM. *(Pauses, starts up right, turns when he is at upper* L. *end of desk)* Now you can't blame me for being bitter against him when he's doing everything to take you away from me. He admitted that was why he sent you to Europe. And why didn't you get all my letters? Because he gave Mrs. Watson orders to intercept them.

JANE. *(Goes up a step)* He wouldn't stoop to anything like that.

TOM. Who else would do it—unless, unless it was Ives.

JANE Mr. Ives?

TOM. Yes. *(Goes further up and right between chair and desk.)* Oh, I've got a pretty good line on that fellow. Bill and I have had him covered for months. It's Ives who's causing all this trouble, and we're only waiting for—— *(Enter* MARTIN *quickly door upper* R.*—speaks quietly.)*

MARTIN. *(To* TOM) I beg pardon, sir—but Mr. Ives is—— *(Indicates room at lower right.)*

(Enter IVES *from lower right—he carries despatch box.)*

IVES. Thanks for announcing me, Martin. *(He crosses to right end of table—puts box down.)* I couldn't help hearing. (MARTIN *crosses left and down to settee and gets* TOM'S *hat.)*

TOM. I'm glad of it. I've had your number for a long time, Mr. Ives, from the minute I walked into your office. I knew poor Jimmie Finnigan wasn't lying, but I kept quiet, because I couldn't prove anything. (MARTIN *crosses to* TOM.)

IVES. And now?

TOM. Now I'm going to——

MARTIN. *(Interrupting* TOM *and handing him his hat—subtly warning him)* Your hat, sir.

TOM. *(Turning quickly to* MARTIN) What the—— *(Recovers himself—understands.)* Oh, thanks—Martin.

JANE. Tom, what is it about Jimmy?

TOM. I—I can't tell you any more, now. (TOM *starts.* MARTIN *goes up to door upper* R.)

IVES. *(Stopping* TOM) Just a moment! This is not the first time you have intimated that there was something questionable about my connection with the Jimmy Finnigan matter.

TOM. And it ain't the last.

IVES. What do you mean by that?

TOM. You'll get nothing more out of me tonight. (TOM *takes step up right.* IVES *smiles, comes down* R.)

JANE. *(Goes right slightly)* But that isn't fair—you're wrong, Tom.

TOM. Oh, of course—nothing I do is right any more. Good-bye!

(TOM *goes through door upper right.* MARTIN *is standing in front of door in hallway, with door open.* TOM *makes sudden start to go back.* MARTIN *touches him on arm.* TOM *recovers himself and exits, touching* MARTIN *on shoudler as he goes.* MARTIN *closes door. Exit* MARTIN.)

JANE. *(Goes left and down stage slightly)* Poor Tom!

IVES. *(Going up and crossing left to* JANE) I wouldn't waste any sympathy on him—they're a bad crowd over there.

JANE. Oh, no, they're not. Remember, they're my people. I'm one of them.

IVES. You never belonged there, and you know your father will never let you marry that boy. *(She sits on settee at left.)* I had a long talk with Mr. Orange this evening about the future of the business, and about yourself. *(Sits right of her on settee.)* Perhaps he mentioned it?

JANE. He did.

IVES. *(Puts hands on hers)* I'm glad——

JANE. *(Rises)* And I don't want you to talk about this any more, ever—either to me or to father. *(Crosses right, above desk to chair back of desk.)*

IVES. *(Following her)* Is it on account of anything Tom Roland said? If so, I can explain.

JANE. *(Half turning to him)* I wonder how you would explain matters to—to Mrs. Watson?

IVES. We're only good friends, that's all.

JANE. She and I are good friends, too, now, and I'm going to explain things to her. *(Goes right further.)*

IVES. But my dear girl, you don't understand.

JANE. *(Faces him)* I understand you thoroughly, Mr. Ives, and if you don't leave me, my affairs and friends alone, I shall tell Daddy just the sort of a man you are, and then see what happens to you. *(Crosses to chair right of desk.)*

IVES. *(Crosses to chair behind desk)* But my dear girl, I'm not afraid of your father, and for more than one reason he can't get along without me. I brought him this fortune—— *(Enter* MRS. WATSON *upper right, unnoticed by* IVES *and* JANE. MARTIN *appears in doorway a moment.)* I took him out of that basement and I can send him back there.

MRS. WATSON. *(Comes down* R.*)* Oh, I beg your pardon. I interrupted something. *(To* JANE*)* But Martin said you wanted me.

IVES. *(Goes up to door* R. *where* MARTIN *is standing)* Confound you—you're too officious!

MARTIN. I'm afraid so, but it won't happen again, sir. *(Exit* MARTIN.*)*

(IVES *comes down* R. JANE *is agitated and during above she speaks to* MRS. WATSON *in pantomime.)*

MRS. WATSON. Why, what has happened, dear?

JANE. *(Agitated)* Nothing much—Mr. Ives asked me to marry him.

MRS. WATSON. Really, Bob! *(To* JANE*)* Am I to congratulate you, dear?

JANE. Yes. I refused him. *(Exit* JANE *lower right.)*

(Pause. IVES *moves to chair back of desk.* MRS. WATSON *stands at right.)*

IVES. Well, go ahead, make a scene and let's have it over.

MRS. WATSON. *(Crosses to left of desk)* I'd rather not, thank you. If you're tired of me, I won't try to hold you. To be honest, I'm tired of all this trickery and deceit and I'm going to leave.

IVES. You're going when you know the terrible position I'm in.

MRS. WATSON. You've still got the bonds?

IVES. Of course. *(Indicates box.)* I don't dare dispose of them. I'm still under suspicion. The only thing that saved me before was Jimmy Finnigan running away to Canada. McKenzie and his gang are blackmailing me, but once Orange signs the agreement for this consolidation tonight he won't be able to move without me. I'll be a rich man, I'll have power and influence, and I'll be able to protect myself against McKenzie and all of them. I must go through with this.

MRS. WATSON. You're wrong, Bob. You'll never get away with it. *(Goes to him at* R. *end of desk.)* Give it up before it's too late and start right. (MRS. WATSON *goes left of him.)* Be the man you could be. *(Enter* BILL *through private door at upper left, with box, in cardboard container, under his arm. He sees the situation, realizes he must get out unnoticed, and starts back upper left.)* I'll help you if you'll only let me. *(Enter* MARTIN *upper* R.—*sees* BILL—*tries to motion him off.* BILL *opens door left.* MARTIN *has left door open at right when he entered.* MARTIN *starts back for door right.)* I do love you, dear! *(Door right slams shut.* MARTIN *is caught and turns, facing them.* MRS. WATSON *turns, sees* MARTIN *and goes quickly to lower right.* IVES *jumps up and sees* MARTIN *also.)*

IVES. *(Goes hurriedly up* R. *to* MARTIN—*is on left side of him)* What the devil do you mean by this?

BILL. *(Returning—coming into room)* What the Hell do you mean by swearing before a lady?

(Exit MRS. WATSON *lower right in tears.* IVES *looks at* MARTIN, *then at* BILL, *then goes down to table, picks up box and goes to door lower* R.—*looks back at* MARTIN *and* BILL *and exits.* BILL *laughs aloud, closes door upper* L. *and comes down left.* BILL *keeps his hat on until scene with* NATE. NOTE: *During next scene* BILL *whispers, always at least audible as his ordinary speech.)*

BILL. We'll soon have him where we want him.

MARTIN. *(Whispers—comes down to chair* L. *of table)* Sh! Mr. Orange is upstairs.

BILL. *(Whispers)* I got you. *(Aloud)* But you told Tom that he and Ives would be out tonight and that would give us our chance.

MARTIN. *(Coming down to* R. *of* BILL—*whispers)* Sh! You'll spoil everything.

BILL. *(Whispers)* I got the box. *(Takes box from cardboard container. Aloud)* It's a dead ringer for the other one—I made it myself. Here it is.

(NOTE: *The box is a wooden, mahogany box, very strong looking, with initials in gold letters, "R. I." Box has combination lock on it.)*

MARTIN. Sh! *(Takes box, shows combination to audience, also initials.)*

BILL. *(Whispers)* Look at the initials. *(Aloud)* R. I.—Robert Ives. *(Holds cardboard container and* MARTIN *slips box back in it.)*

MARTIN. 'Sh! *(Puts box back in container.)*

BILL. *(Whispers)* I got you. *(Aloud)* Are you sure the bonds are still in the other box?

MARTIN. *(Whispers—nods head in affirmative—whispers inaudible to audience)* Will the boy be there tonight?

BILL. *(Aloud)* Jimmy Finnigan?

MARTIN. 'Sh! *(Takes box from* BILL.)

BILL. *(Whispers)* I got you. Sure, at my house, tonight.

MARTIN. *(Whispers)* Excellent.

BILL. *(Aloud—crosses below* MARTIN *and up above chair* L. *of desk)* You bet we'll nail Mr. Ives tonight.

MARTIN. 'Sh!

(Enter NATE *on balcony. He is in evening clothes. Watches them a moment.* MARTIN *sees* NATE *first—*BILL'S *back is to* NATE.)

BILL. *(Turns to* MARTIN, *whispers)* I got you. Where's Jane?

MARTIN. *(Whispers)* In her room. *(Sees* NATE *—is alarmed and speaks aloud)* But you can't see Mr. Orange—— *(Tries to hide box and pretends not to see* NATE, *at same time tries to indicate to* BILL *by snapping his fingers and pointing to stairway that* NATE *is coming.* BILL *doesn't get it.)*

BILL. Eh? (NATE *comes down stairs.)*

MARTIN. *(Snapping fingers)* You must go at once, sir——

BILL. Where's the dice? What are you talking about?

MARTIN. Mr. Orange has given strict orders—

BILL. You care as much about his orders as I do! *(Slaps* MARTIN *on back—nudges him.)*

(NATE *is at bottom of stairs—in room.)*

MARTIN. Mr. Lewis—— *(Warningly.)*

BILL. *(Turns, sees* NATE—*a little surprised—turns to* MARTIN—*whispers)* I got you. *(Pause, bracing up)* Hello, Nate.

NATE. Fine manners getting fresh with the servants. *(Comes to right end of table.)* You like to speak with me?

BILL. No, but I'm going to.

NATE. Then why don't you take your hat off? This ain't a saloon. *(Drops down* R. *of desk.* BILL *nearly gets angry—shows temper.)*

MARTIN. *(To* BILL—*touches him on arm—whispers)* Don't lose your temper, sir, for Jane's sake.

BILL. *(Whispers)* I got you.

NATE. And I hear you. Martin, mind your own business. (MARTIN *goes up to door right. To* BILL) Now what do you want?

BILL. *(Takes off his hat)* I've just seen Tom—(NATE *turns away)*—and he's sorry for what he said, and I'm sorry—*(Exit* MARTIN *door upper* R.*)*—because, being it's Jane's birthday—*(Picks up picture from desk, looks at it)*—we ought to make everything happy for her. *(Puts picture down.)*

NATE. I want her to be happy. *(Goes up behind table.)* She's going to be.

BILL. I'm glad of that. *(Drops down* L. *of desk, puts hat carelessly on chair* L. *of desk.)* Remember the good times we used to have on her birthday every year? Well, tonight we're going to have one of those old-fashioned rackets like we used to. Mrs. Finnigan has made the supper, and you ought to see the present I'm getting for Jane.

NATE. *(Sarcastically—thinks of his own present)* You got a present for her? What for a present you got?

BILL. A pup.

NATE. A what?

BILL. A pup. A beaut! She was always crazy for one.

NATE. Pups! A fine present she gets, pups!

BILL. What did you give her?

NATE. A pussy cats, you think? No, sir! Something worth while, believe me. *(Picks up will from desk.)* My signature on my will, leaving everything to her when I die—that's a present. *(Drops will on table—struts proudly down* R. *end of table.)*

BILL. *(Picks up will, looks at it)* It's all right, but she can't enjoy it till you're dead. *(Drops will on desk.)* Well, anyhow, she's got something to look forward to.

NATE. *(Crosses to* BILL) She ain't looking forward to that. *(Picks up will, puts it in his pocket.)*

BILL. *(Controling himself)* You're money-mad. *(Goes up slightly.)* No use talking to you—I want to see Jane.

NATE. You can't see her. *(Turns his back—goes* R. *slightly.)*

BILL. *(Crosses left to back of table)* Now look here, Nate Pommerantz——

NATE. Mr. Nathaniel Orange, if you please. *(Goes up slightly and to* BILL.)

BILL. Do you think you can keep her away from me by force?

NATE. She's decided that she ain't going to run around with you people any more.

BILL. *(Down to* R. *of desk)* I don't believe it, and I won't leave here till I get it from her. *(Sits in chair* R. *of desk.)*

NATE. *(Crosses to chair back of desk)* I see I'll have to throw you out.

BILL. You and who else?

NATE. Oh, I wouldn't touch my hands. I'll call a policeman. *(Goes* L. *and up slightly.)*

BILL. *(Takes out police whistle from vest pocket)*

Want me to whistle for him? *(Puts whistle to mouth.)* Pat Doyle, he's my pal.

NATE. *(Coming down to* L. *of table—at chair)* Now what's the use of all this? Why should you try to interfere between me and my daughter?

BILL. I'm just as much her father as you are. Ever since you got money you've been fighting to keep her away from us.

NATE. And what am I fighting for? For her future. I want her to have all the advantages that money can bring—all the advantages we missed. I want to take her as far as possible away from that old life, and you want to drag her back to Second Avenue. *(Leans on left end of table.)* To go over there once in a while with a basket of fruit when somebody's sick is all right. If you was sick I'd be glad to let her take you an apple or some beef-tea, but this association has got to be finished. I'm going to make a lady of her. *(Starts to sit on chair left of table, but doesn't.)*

BILL. A stuck-up snob, that's what you want to make of her.

NATE. *(Jumping up without sitting)* Don't you call her names! Just because he's envy of me, he wants to spoil a young girl's life.

BILL. Not me! You. You know she loves Tom.

NATE. That's a match for her! He don't make enough to buy her dressmakers, her manicure, her horseback, her mountains in the summer, her summer in the winter—— How much you think I paid for Europe?

BILL. I know Tom isn't rich, but he'll get ahead. He's got great ideas.

NATE. Ideas. Everybody's got ideas. But it ain't what a man's got up here that makes him rich. *(Taps forehead.)* It's what he's got down here. *(Pats pants' pocket and crosses* L. *slightly.)*

BILL. *(Rising)* Well, he's good enough for my

daughter and I'm going to see that he gets her. *(He goes slightly* L. *in front of desk.)*

NATE. *(Turns to* BILL) And I'll see that he don't. She's going to marry a man with education and brains—somebody I can trust her to after I'm gone.

BILL. And you'd trust her to some stranger rather than Tom, that you know worships the ground she walks on.

NATE. Tom Roland—that's silly. Why not Jimmy Finnigan, the little Canadian—what a nice party he'd have with the millions I'm going to leave her! No, thank you—she's got to have a man who can protect her fortune when she gets it—a smart lawyer, or something like that.

BILL. I got you—you're thinking of Ives.

NATE. And suppose?

BILL. *(Emphatically)* Nothing doing.

NATE. *(Confidently)* I'd like to know what's wrong with him?

BILL. Why, he's all wrong—— Why, he's—— Never mind—*(Turns, goes* R. *slightly)*—I can't tell you now.

NATE. Sure not. You just want to turn me against him, but you can't do it. *(Crosses* R. *slightly to chair* L. *of table.)* I know people when I make a study of 'em.

BILL. You know a fat lot! (NATE *starts to sit* L. *of table.)* Maybe you know what's going on between him and Mrs. Watson?

NATE. *(Jumping up—didn't sit)* What's that?

BILL. When I came in this room just a few minutes ago, she was crying. Anyhow, take it from me, there's something between 'em. *(Goes further* R.—*looks toward room* R.*)*

NATE. *(Following* BILL—*stops* R. *end of desk)* You're crazy like a lunatic. Mrs. Watson is a first-

class lady. What are you trying to do, make trouble in my house?

BILL. I know there's something wrong there.

NATE. Shah! *(Goes up* R. *of desk to upper end.)* I won't listen! *(Turns to* BILL) To say such a thing about a lady, you ought to be ashamed. You're just a bad-minded old man, running around with policemen so long, that's all you know is badness. *(Goes to chair behind desk.)*

BILL. *(Goes up* R. *end of desk)* I know what I'm talking about, and I'm going to get Jane out of this house. *(Takes step toward stairway.)*

NATE. Really? *(Goes left slightly.)* Do you think she'll go?

BILL. After what I have to say to her, yes. Just let me talk to her alone five minutes.

NATE. You think my mother had crazy children? For what you would say to her about me in five minutes, I could get hung nicely. *(Crosses back of table and down left of it.)*

BILL. This house is no place for her.

NATE. Is that so? *(Goes lower left end of table.)*

BILL. She ain't happy here. I won't stand it any more. *(Comes down* R. *end of table and to* NATE *in front of table.)* I'm going to open up. Send for her and I'll show you—and when I get through, let her choose between your money and what I can give her.

NATE. *(With his back to* BILL) You think she'll choose the pup?

BILL. *(Angrily)* She'll choose me.

NATE. *(Sarcastically—turning to* BILL) That's what I said.

BILL. Of course she'll—— *(Realizes suddenly what* NATE *has said, and this, together with his indignation at involving* JANE *with* IVES, *makes him furious. He seizes* NATE *by the throat—starts to*

choke him, and then relents. Releases NATE. *Hold scene.* NATE *almost collapses, and then falls into chair left of table, on* BILL'S *hat. Crushes hat, but doesn't notice it.* BILL *realizes what he has done, regrets attack on* NATE, *hangs his head, sorry and shamefaced—goes to* R. *end of table.)*

NATE. *(Holding his throat)* I didn't think you'd do that. You're stronger than me, like an ox.

BILL. I'm sorry, Nate.

NATE. *(Gasping, feeling his neck)* Oh, yes—you're sorry, very. What can I do—you got the whole police department on your side? *(Tries to raise in chair, but can't.)* But just the same you ain't going to rob me of my little girl. She ain't going to go against her daddy for a lot of roughnecks and sneaks. *(Drops back heavily in chair.)*

BILL. *(Controls himself—crosses* R. *and up)* I better go before I commit a murder.

NATE. *(Feeling his neck and gasping)* Too late. I think you done it already.

BILL. *(Looking up near stairs on floor)* Where's my hat?

NATE. How should I know? Find it and get out.

BILL. *(Looks back of curtains at back and under desk* R.C.*)* I'm going.

NATE. And don't you ever try to come in here again, you hear me!

BILL. Don't worry. I'll never come near the place. *(Crosses above table to left.)*

NATE. Go, get out of my house—get out of my life!

BILL. This is the finish between you and me. (BILL *is near door, upper* L. *Stops, realizes he is breaking off in the wrong, and anxious to get parting word from* NATE. *Friendship of thirty years affecting him. He comes down* L. *to below mirror.)* Now, Nate, it ain't right for us to part this way, after thirty years of being friends.

NATE. Fine friends, choke the life out of you.

BILL. *(At lower* L., *near settee)* Why, we've been more than friends—there's Jane, and my poor dead wife—why, remember, we're related.

NATE. *(Suspicious at once, connecting this with what* IVES *told him in early part of act about claiming relationship and estate)* Aha! Now it comes out, just like Ives said over a year ago. I know what you're up to. We ain't related, and you don't get a cent, you understand, not a cent.

BILL. It was you who always said that my wife was one of your own.

NATE. That was before I knew what kind of a man you was going to turn out to be; but from now on, you understand, any slight connection we might have had between us is over, and that as a relative when she died, you died with her.

BILL. *(Goes up left)* All right. Have it your way. I ain't proud of it. *(Looks for hat again near curtains at back.)*

(NATE *rises, turns, sees hat, picks it up. Turns to audience, examines it and then faces* BILL *with hat behind him. Keeps it behind him, steals looks at it, tries to straighten it out without* BILL *seeing him, during the following dialogue, as he is physically afraid of* BILL, *particularly after the recent choking encounter.)*

BILL. *(Looking for hat)* Where's that hat? Oh, it's all right. Guess Martin's got it. *(Turns to* NATE—*is now near door right.)* In the future see that you keep out of my way.

NATE. Undoubtingly—I don't want you ever to know me.

BILL. *(At door, upper right—opens it and stands facing* NATE) Remember that.

NATE. *(Working with hat, trying to straighten*

it) You remember it. From now on we're strangers, you hear, strangers. (NATE *pokes finger accidentally through crown of hat—is alarmed.)*

BILL. I'll never recognize you. But some day you'll need a friend and you won't have one, and when that time comes, don't you come crying and doing the baby act, because it won't go with me. I'll get you some day, sure as my name is Bill Lewis. *(Pause. Exit* BILL *at upper right.)*

(Lightning. Approaching storm. Pause. NATE *looks at hat—goes up left slightly. Enter* MARTIN *at upper right—crosses to* NATE *at* L.C.*)*

MARTIN. Mr. Lewis is looking for his hat.

NATE. I found it. *(Shows hat.)* I'm afraid I sat on it. Can you do something with it? *(Hands hat to* MARTIN.*)*

(MARTIN *takes the hat, sees hole in crown and the crushed condition—looks at* NATE. *Then* MARTIN *creases crown into fedora shape.*

*(*NOTE: *The hat for this business should be a wide brim derby with summer felt crown, shaped so that it will look like a fedora when creased.*

*(*NATE *pats* MARTIN *on shoulder. Exit* MARTIN *with hat at upper* R., *closing door behind him.* NATE *comes down* L., *straightens his tie and looks at himself in glass. Knock at door lower right.* NATE *goes to chair back of desk at* R.C. *Knock repeated.* NATE *sits.)*

NATE. Come inside!

(Enter MRS. WATSON R.E. *Shows she has been weeping and is overwrought, nervous.* NATE *looks at her keenly, notes signs of agitation—think of what* LEWIS *has said—throws it off.)*

NATE. *(To* MRS. WATSON) Something bothering? *(Looks at watch.)*

MRS. WATSON. *(Step or two toward* NATE) Mr. Orange, I—I wish to resign my position.

NATE. So sudden? You're not satisfied here?

MRS. WATSON. That's it. I'm—I'm not satisfied.

NATE. Is it the wages? (MRS. WATSON *shakes her head "No.")* But you've done such wonders with Jane. You took her away a little Second Avenue girl and you bring her back ready for Fifth. In six months she's improved three avenues.

MRS. WATSON. *(Goes* L. *to chair* R. *of table)* I'm sorry, but I must leave tonight.

NATE. Tonight? *(Rises.)* And you won't give me any reason. *(Goes to her.)* Now listen. You had a talk to Mr. Ives a little while ago when Mr. Lewis came in—tell me truthful, there is something between you two? (MRS. WATSON *turns away.)* Ahah! Lewis was right. *(Picks up 'phone.)*

MRS. WATSON. No, no, Mr. Orange!

NATE. *(Jiggles hook of telephone)* Hello—hello! *(Jiggles hook—very impatient.)* Martin, hello! *(Enter* MARTIN *on balcony, looks over.)* Hello, Martin!

MARTIN. *(Over balcony)* Hello, sir!

NATE. *(Looks all around trying to locate* MARTIN) Where are you? *(Sees him.)* Oh! Tell Mr. Ives to come down here right away. (MRS. WATSON *makes pleading gesture*—NATE *waves her aside.)*

MARTIN. I've already told him, sir.

NATE. Say, do you listen to everything that goes on here?

MARTIN. I'm afraid so, but it won't happen again, sir. *(Exit* MARTIN *from balcony.)*

NATE. Ives, that rascal—— *(Goes* L. *a step.)*

MRS. WATSON. *(Goes to him)* Mr. Orange, please don't quarrel with him—he'll ruin you.

NATE. *Him,* ruin *me?*

MRS. WATSON. But you don't know, Mr. Orange.

NATE. It's you. You been away, you don't know the kind of an orange I've turned out to be.

(Enter IVES *at lower right—he stops just inside the door, glances at* MRS. WATSON *questioningly.* NATE, *pride in his power and strength, indicates that, sure of his supremacy, he is going to crush* IVES *with one finger. Thunder, very light, and lightning. Storm nearer.* MRS. WATSON *pleading gesture to* NATE. *He waves her aside and crosses to upper left hand corner of desk.)*

NATE. *(Pause)* Mr. Ives, your laundry will be back Monday, that will be sent on to you. (IVES *turns, faces audience.)* The rest Martin can pack up, so there's nothing more to keep you here. *(As if stopping* MRS. WATSON *from speaking—but she has made no attempt to speak. To* MRS. WATSON) Shah!

IVES. *(Turns to* MRS. WATSON) So you told him, did you?

NATE. No, you did, right now. She denied everything up and down.

MRS. WATSON. Yes, I lied for you, just as I've been doing ever since—— But I've done it for the last time. *(She goes up hurriedly and right.* NATE *stops her.* IVES *goes up* R. *slightly.)*

NATE. Please don't get excited—he ain't worth it. (NATE *to right of* MRS. WATSON.)

MRS. WATSON. I'm going. *(Crosses below* NATE *and goes a few steps up and right.)*

NATE. *(Turns to her)* Mrs. Watson, you don't have to go. I know here—*(Indicates heart)*—you're

all right. Take a little vacation—full pay—you earned it. Come back any time you want.

(MRS. WATSON *throws her arms around* NATE, *kisses him and exits hurriedly up* R. NATE *is surprised, puts hands in pockets, proudly, and faces* IVES. *Pause. Comes down to* L. *of chair, back of desk.)*

IVES. *(Comes down* R. *of desk)* Mr. Orange, I can explain——

NATE. Shah! You can't explain how a man can fool a fine woman like that. *(Rings push-bell on desk.)* And then you want to come into the life of a poor, innocent girl—*(Refers to* JANE'S *picture)*—that you know is everything I got to live for. Oh, Ives, you heartless person! *(Enter* MARTIN, L.R. *To* MARTIN) Pack up Mr. Ives, he ain't here any more.

IVES. *(To* MARTIN) Never mind, Martin.

MARTIN. Sorry, I've already packed you, sir. *(Exit* MARTIN L.R.*)*

IVES. *(Pointing to door where* MARTIN *exits)* That fellow has been spying on us.

NATE. Us! You and me is no longer us.

IVES. *(Goes to* R. *end of desk)* But you can't break with me now.

NATE. *(Exasperated, faces him)* Who's going to stop me? I got everything in my hands—it's my business, my money.

IVES. Oh, no, it isn't!

NATE. *(Looks at him, amazed)* What?

IVES. You haven't got a cent. *(Takes document from pocket.)*

NATE. *(Laughs—peculiar laugh)* I haven't got a cent. *(Laughs. Sits back of desk.)* By golly, Ives, you're comical. *(Laughs.)*

IVES. *(Handing* NATE *paper)* Read this over.

NATE. I ain't got time. *(Laughs.)*

IVES. Better read it.

NATE. *(Still amused—bus. glasses)* Ain't got a cent—too bad about me—it's a mistake. *(Starts to look at document.)*

IVES. That's exactly what it is. (NATE *looks up.)* That's a report from Lloyd and Lloyd.

NATE. Who?

IVES. London attorneys I engaged to trace any possible descendants of Daniel Orange.

NATE. Finally you got around to it. For a year I've been after you to make sure everything was right. *(Reads document, which is worded with technical, legal language—about six sheets.)* Whereas, heretofore, inasmuch—to wit—with what, what wit—lawyer language—— *(Looks at* IVES.) What is it in English?

IVES. In plain English, Daniel Orange did *not* die without issue. In Australia, under the name of Pommerantz, he was married and had a daughter.

NATE. But you told me from the first he wasn't married.

IVES. *(Indicating on paper)* He had a wife and daughter whom he deserted.

NATE. Ahah! The loafer.

IVES. In Australia, his daughter married a man by the name of Greenbaum. They also died, leaving a daughter who emigrated to America.

NATE. She's living here?

IVES. No, she died twelve years ago, leaving a husband who is the sole heir-at-law to the entire Orange estate. *(Lightning. Pause.)*

NATE. *(Looks at paper)* Then that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars I got never belonged to me at all? *(Looks at audience.)*

IVES. Not a penny of it. *(Comes down* R. *of table to chair and sits.)*

NATE. You knew. For this alone, keeping it back from me, I'm through with you.

IVES. You think so?

NATE. I see what you mean. You think you got a club on my head, but you ain't. I'm going to send for the real heir and give him back his money—you see——

IVES. But you can't do that. You've made every dollar of your money with his. You've only been holding it in trust. Legally you are not entitled to any part of it, and if you tell him, you'll have to give it all up, every penny.

NATE. Even the money I made myself?

IVES. Everything.

NATE. You're crazy. This ain't Russia, yet.

IVES. The law says that a man cannot profit by his own misrepresentation and fraud.

NATE. *(Rises*—IVES *rises also—faces him)* Fraud, me? Did I know that that rotten Orange ran away from Australia leaving a family behind?

IVES. Unfortunately, the law says——

NATE. The law says this and the law says that—but the law can't say I did any fraud when I'm innocent like a fresh born baby. *(Walks left to left end of table.)* I didn't know nothing. I don't know nothing yet.

IVES. Ever heard of the name of Greenbaum? *(Picks up the report from desk.)*

NATE. No.

IVES. *(Reading from report)* Sadie Greenbaum?

NATE. Yes, sure. (IVES *puts report down.)* Lewis' wife. That was her maiden name. I told you and you told me not to say anything, and you made me swear to it. *(Goes* L. *slightly.)*

IVES. *(Follows* NATE L.) You can't shift the responsibility on me. I was only acting as your agent—your employee.

NATE. *(Turns to him)* Oh, I see—for any crooked work you done, I get the blame?

IVES. Yes.

NATE. Oi! *(Crosses to table, below* IVES.)

IVES. *(Comes down to chair left of desk)* I'm sorry I made a mistake.

NATE. A fine lawyer, he gets you in jail and then says, "Excuse me." *(Looks at papers again—sits.)* Then, according to this, Lewis' wife was——

IVES. *(Goes to* L. *end of desk)* The last and only lineal descendant of Daniel Orange.

NATE. Then Lewis, he—he is the one the money is coming to?

IVES. Every dollar you have is his.

NATE. *(Drops paper—rises)* Oh, why did I fight with him? *(Comes down right end of table.)* He hates me like poison now, and when he finds out I'm a fraud, he'll take everything, he'll throw me in a cell like a dog.

IVES. Undoubtedly.

NATE. Undoubtingly.

IVES. *(Behind desk)* That's why we've got to keep our mouths shut.

NATE. But I want to give Lewis back what belongs to him.

IVES. That's impossible. (IVES *sits.)* To give him anything you would have to tell him the whole truth.

NATE. Can't I give him the money without telling him why? (IVES *shakes head "No.")* Isn't there some way to give a man two hundred and fifty thousand dollars so he won't notice it at all?

IVES. No, there isn't. It's bound to lead to discovery and exposure.

NATE. Not if I send it synonomously.

IVES. *(Rises)* We're only wasting time. Now everything's going to be all right if you just listen to me.

NATE. *(Hysterically—crosses* L., *front of table)* I know what will happen if I listen to you: I'll keep my mouth shut—I'll keep all the money—I'll be a thief.

IVES. *(Commandingly)* Keep quiet. *(Pauses.)* Sit down. (NATE *sits down* L. *of table. Thunder and lightning.)*

NATE. *(Crushed—weak voice)* Go ahead. You can say anything to me now.

IVES. *(Sits back of desk—leans over it to* NATE) You force me to take this attitude. This situation is too much for you, and in the future I'll have to protect you.

NATE. *(Childishly)* You're going to protect me? *(Looks at* IVES.) What a fine future I got!

IVES. You must do exactly as I say in everything. Will you do it?

NATE. What else can I do? *(To audience)* You got me like a poor little spider catched by a fly.

(Lightning—very little. Enter JANE *lower right.* IVES *rises, puts paper from desk in his pocket.)*

JANE. *(At door right)* Oh, you're busy.

IVES. *(Standing)* No, no—we're finished. *(To* NATE) Aren't we?

NATE. *(Still seated)* Yes, I'm finished.

IVES. *(Looking at watch)* We'd better start, Mr. Orange—we have all those papers to go over before the meeting at eight o'clock.

NATE. *(Rises slowly)* You go to the office. I'll follow you right over. I want to brace myself up.

IVES. Very well. *(Quietly to* NATE) No nonsense now, you understand?

NATE. Yes, yes—I'll come—right after you. *(Exit* IVES *upper right.* NATE *drops back into chair again—almost collapses.)* Oi!

(NATE'S *conscience is preying upon him, and from the moment he tells* IVES *he will go to the meeting, for the first time in his life he is afraid to look* JANE *in the eyes, conscious of guilt. He has become more and more nervous since scene with* BILL.)

JANE. *(Running to* NATE, *back of desk)* Daddy, you can't go out tonight. I won't let you.

NATE. I got to go. *(Rises weakly.)* You don't know. *(Crosses* JANE, *slightly up left.)*

JANE. Yes, I do. *(Drops down slightly right of* NATE.)

NATE. What do you know—what, what?

JANE. Won't you be honest with me?

NATE. *(Guiltily)* What makes you think I ain't honest?

JANE. You're one of those that can't hide anything. Your face always tells exactly what's going on in your mind.

NATE. *(Looks in mirror, making a wry face)* Just my luck I got to have such a face!

JANE. *(Goes to him)* Daddy, I just had a talk with Mrs. Watson.

NATE. *(Excitedly)* It ain't true what she told you—what was it?

JANE. All this money is not yours.

NATE. It is mine, it is! (JANE *looks him in the eye.)* All but the first two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

JANE. Then it is true. (NATE *drops down step or two.)* But why go to pieces? You'll have plenty money left. *(Follows him down.)*

NATE. I won't have a cent left. If I go to the real heir and tell him, he can take it all away and lock me up besides.

JANE. Surely you can compromise with him.

NATE. With him? Do you know who he is?

JANE. No. (NATE *is relieved.)* Who is he?

NATE. My worst enemy. It's better you don't know—much better. *(Turns to fireplace.)*

JANE. *(Goes to him)* Whoever he is, you must go to him—and give him his money.

NATE. *(Turns to her)* You want to see me ruined?

JANE. Rather than dishonest, yes.

(Thunder, loud, and lightning. Pause. NATE *looks at her and crosses slowly up left to left end of table. Turns to* JANE, *pleading.)*

NATE. I can't go back to that cellar again. *(He comes down* L. *slightly.)* I'm not young any more, and if I had to start all over again in that dirt and misery it would kill me. (JANE *goes to him slightly.)* If I never had this money it would be different, but now I'm used to it. And how about you? You think you wouldn't notice it. Give up this home, your beautiful clothes and everything nice that you love so. Look—— *(Shows will which he takes from pocket.)* Your birthday present—see, my will, leaving everything to you—you get everything, dearie, everything.

JANE. But Daddy, it's not yours to give.

NATE. *(Crushed)* Jane!

JANE. I can't help it, dear. I just couldn't stay here and share this money that, that doesn't belong to us. *(Turns from him, goes* L. *slightly.)*

NATE. You'll go away? (JANE *nods "Yes.)* Where will you go? What will you do?

JANE. I'll go back to work. Daddy Lewis will take me in.

NATE. Aha! He gets you, too. To him you're going. At last, they've stolen you from me. My baby,—like my own flesh and blood. My poor wife died so young, and always I seen in you all the chil-

dren I might have had, and now you want to leave me in this big house all alone. *(Goes to chair* L. *of table and sits, dejectedly. Lightning—two flashes.)*

JANE. *(Goes to him—kneels, takes his arm)* I don't, I don't—all I want is that you be honorable, be yourself. Please, dearie, for my sake—won't you let me stay, let me respect you?

NATE. *(Bitterly)* You don't even respect me, eh?

JANE. Didn't I always, until now?

NATE. Until now—until now.

JANE. *(Rises)* This isn't your real self. You're a different man since this money came. It's spoiled everything. Even your love has changed. It's selfish now—you don't want to share it with others. When we were poor, you wanted everybody to love me. Now it's selfish. *(Goes slightly left.)*

NATE. I'm selfish—yes, that's right—sure, everything about me is bad. They're all right two blocks away. All right. Go to them. You're only glad of an excuse—go, go—— *(Sinks back in chair.)*

(Telephone bell rings. JANE *crosses above desk and answers 'phone.)*

JANE. *(Holding hand over 'phone)* It's Mr. Ives.

NATE. *(Rises)* Yes, yes.

JANE. *(Holding hand over mouthpiece of 'phone)* Just a minute, Daddy.

NATE. *(Goes up behind desk)* Give me the 'phone. *(Takes 'phone—talks in 'phone.)* Hello, yes—yes. I'm sorry I kept you waiting. Don't be mad.

JANE. *(Putting hand over mouthpiece)* Don't go to that meeting, please, darling. Be the fine, honest man you always were, so I won't have to leave you, dear.

NATE. I got to go, I tell you.

JANE. You're willing to give me up?

NATE. No! No!

JANE. Well, that's what it means if you have anything further to do with Mr. Ives—if you go to that meeting.

NATE. I can't help it. I must do as he says. *(In 'phone)* Yes, yes, I'll be right over. (JANE *goes up right, sobbing. Enter* MARTIN.)

JANE. *(Sobs)* Martin, my things. (MARTIN *opens door upper right. As she goes through door)* Good-bye, dear. *(Exit* JANE. MARTIN *closes door. Exit* MARTIN.)

NATE. *(Hangs up 'phone—turns to where* JANE *was—sees she is gone—realizes—sobs)* Jane! *(A pause. Drops in chair, drops head in hands. Pause.)*

(Enter MARTIN *quietly upper right with stick and gloves. He goes quietly to desk where* NATE *is sitting.* NATE *is in a daze.* MARTIN *frightens him.)*

MARTIN. Mr. Orange.

NATE. *(Frightened)* Martin, why don't you make a noise when you come in? Why do you sneak around listening? Think something's wrong here? *(Crosses left and down.)*

MARTIN. *(Putting down cane, etc., on desk)* I hope not, sir, but if there is, I'm sure everything will come out all right. *(Comes down* L. *of* NATE.)

NATE. Well, well! What do you want?

MARTIN. Miss Jane, sir——

NATE. Yes?

MARTIN. Before she left——

NATE. Ah, she's gone already. Everybody's gone.

MARTIN. She asked me to induce you to stay home tonight. It's raining very hard outside.

NATE. Don't argue with me. Give me some of that chlorodine. (NATE *goes up left.* MARTIN *crosses* R., *back of desk.)* I can hardly hold my head up and I got to go out—they're waiting for me. I'm ready to drop.

MARTIN. *(Picks up chlorodine bottle)* I advise you not to take it, sir. *(Switches bottle to other hand and picks up sleep medicine.)* It would be much better if you let me prepare your sleep medicine and you got a good night's sleep. *(Puts down the chlorodine—holds sleep medicine in hand. Comes down to front of desk.)*

NATE. *(Indicating bottle on desk)* Give me my chlorodine. Martin, do what I say, please! I ain't got strength to fight with you. *(Goes up to window.)*

MARTIN. Very well, sir. *(Looks at* NATE *and bottle with sleeping draught. Looks at chlorodine. Looks up stage toward* NATE *again, then pours chlorodine from bottle into a glass. Picks up the sleep medicine and pours the contents of the sleep medicine bottle into the chlorodine bottle, then pours some into a glass and hands it to* NATE *as he comes down to him.)*

NATE. *(Up near window)* I got to have something to brace me up so I can see this thing through. I'm in fine shape for the meeting. I got to brace up. I got to have my wits to meet those smarty people. *(Comes down to desk.)* Martin, what's the matter you're so slow? Don't you know the meeting is waiting for me at eight o'clock?

MARTIN. *(Handing him glass)* Here you are, sir.

(NATE *drinks, and as he does so,* MARTIN *goes* R. *to stairway, carrying glass of chlorodine with him. He turns switch, putting lights out.* NATE *has finished drinking.)*

NATE. *(Putting glass down on desk)* Be sure to close up the house good. Bar the basement door.

MARTIN. *(Turns lights out)* Yes, sir. I'll attend to everything carefully. There are so many thieves around. *(Crosses left to back of desk.)*

NATE. *(Looks at* MARTIN*)* Yes, yes—so many thieves around.

MARTIN. Anything else, sir?

NATE. No, that's all. (MARTIN *starts up to door* L.*)*

MARTIN. Good-night, sir.

NATE. Good-night, Martin.

(Exit MARTIN. MARTIN *closes door slowly and stands outside looking in on crack of door—holds door slightly ajar. Then closes it quietly.)*

NATE. *(Yawns)* Nice man—nice man. *(Thoughtfully—despairingly he picks up gloves—starts to put glove on wrong hand—gets very sleepy—gets impatient—throws glove down on desk.)* I feel sleepy—I got to brace up—brace up. He didn't give me enough chlorodine. *(Fumbles for glass and bottle—fills graduating glass—colored liquid—drinks. Thunder and lightning.)* That'll fix me. *(Bus.—makes face.)* It tastes like the sleep medicine. *(Picks up bottle—looks at it.)* No—chlorodine—the label is right—chlorodine. *(Puts bottle down. Begins to feel effects—gets extremely nervous as overdose starts to work.)* Where's my hat? Where did he put it? *(Looks on chair and about—then sees hat on table. Comes down* L. *of table.)* Oh, here it is. *(Takes hat, trembles with excitement. Sits in chair. Knocks ash-tray with ashes into his lap and ashes fall on pants' leg.)* Now see what you done! *(He brushes off ashes.)* He turns the lights out on me. I'll look fine for the meeting, like an ash-can. *(He rises, goes up* L. *to mirror and brushes off ashes.*

He sees himself in the glass.) Look at you! Look how you look! Chlorodine you got to take. Ain't that nice? If you ain't a dope fiend yet, you'll be lucky. *(Starts as if to go from mirror—turns back.)* A fine end you came to, Nate Pommerantz, a fine end! *(Starts to go—turns back.)* No, no, excuse me—Mr. Orange. The good honest name my father gave me wasn't good enough for you, Orange. Don't you laugh at me! Everything I can see in your face—it shows plain just what you are thinking, what you are. But you ain't me, thank God—you ain't my real self. *(Quoting* JANE.) That's Orange in there. This is Pommerantz inside here. She don't respect you, eh? Can you blame her? She used to look up to me, her eyes full of loving like a real father—before, before I was you. Who looks up to you now? I can hardly look at you myself. You go to the meeting. I ain't afraid of Ives—I'm an honest man. You got to do what he says, not me. All the crooked work is yours, not mine. Nathaniel Orange, look what you made out of me with your money! You millionaire, you crook! Nate Pommerantz, a poor beggar, is ashamed to look at you! He never wants to see your face again! *(He smashes mirror with cane. Puts on silk hat. Goes up—unlocks private door* L. *Leaves door open. Rain is seen coming down in torrents. He stands there a moment with door open. The rain pouring in on him. Looks back into room he now hates as the scene of his crime.*

(Terrific crash of thunder, lightning and downpour of rain.

(Almost unconsciously, he takes off silk hat, puts it under his coat to protect it from rain, and exits bareheaded.)

CURTAIN

The End of the Act (Act II)

ACT III

TIME: *The same night, from six-fifteen to six-thirty p.m.*

About fifteen minutes before the end of Act II. Parallel of storm effects and beginning and climax of rain storm must be carefully matched with Act III. Effects to be exactly the same at climactic moments up to NATE'S *entrance in Act III—after that, rain can cease.*

PLACE: *Living-room of* BILL LEWIS' *flat on Second Avenue.*

DESCRIPTION: *Should be an old building, as* LEWIS *has lived there over twelve years.*

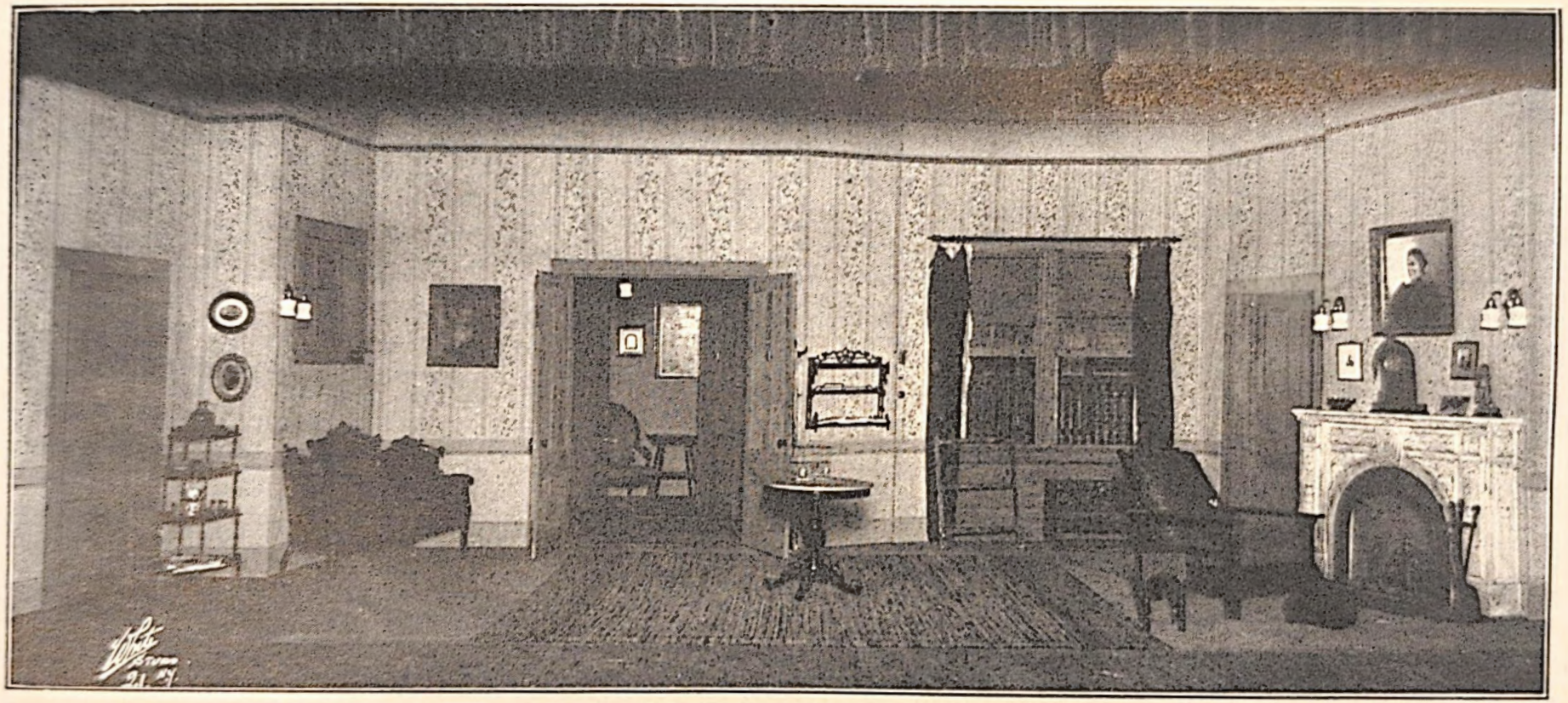
Right center, at back, is entrance to hall. Large double doors. Transom over top of hall door. Key in door and turn-bell on door.

At left center an old-fashioned window, open, with stick under it to keep it open. Through window is seen the window and dining-room of MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat, and the fire-escape.*

MRS. FINNIGAN'S *dining-room is lighted, and on the table or sideboard is seen a large birthday cake with nineteen candles lit. In* LEWIS' *flat is seen canary bird cage, covered. Cover should be of prominent material and distinctive pattern so that it will be easily recognized as the same one used in Act I.*

Right side of BILL LEWIS' *living-room is door leading into bedroom, down stage.*

At center is clock, in prominent place, set at six-fifteen p.m.



TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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At center is small table. At back center is coat rack and umbrella-stand, just left of hall door. There is a speaking-tube at left center.

Down stage left is fireplace, gas log, easy chair in front of same, and small stand about level with arms of chair is at right of chair.

Left side, up stage, entrance off into another bedroom. Up right, large horsehair settee.

Electric lights in apartment.

NOTE: *When hall door of* LEWIS' *flat is open a good view of hallway is seen, and* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *door has spring lock on it, also a turn-bell on door.*

In the hallway a nickel slot telephone is visible.

AT RISE: *Lightning, same as at* BILL'S *last exit, Act II.*

MRS. FINNIGAN'S *hall door is open, also* LEWIS', *and sounds of party are heard coming from* MRS. FINNIGAN'S, *where they are gathered.*

GIUSEPPE *is playing accordeon. Singing and chatter of this sort of party is heard at intervals—not boisterous.*

The effect should be that both flats are sort of thrown together for the party and the supper is to take place in MRS. FINNIGAN'S. *It is almost supper time at rise.*

MOLLIE FINNIGAN *is on fire-escape, handing over a kitchen chair to "super" on other fire-escape left, at back.*

(Enter MRS. FINNIGAN. *She wears apron over her party dress, showing she is doing the cooking.)*

MOLLIE. *(Handing chair over to other fire-escape)* Here you are, Schmitty, the last of the Mohe-

gans. *(She steps into* BILL'S *apartment from fire-escape.)* Oh, it's going to be a grand party, Ma.

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Comes down to right of table at center)* It is that. Only I'm thinking of poor Jimmy way up in Canada.

(Enter BILL LEWIS *in hallway at right. He has hat on made in the shape of a fedora which* NATE *crushed in Act II.)*

BILL. *(To* MRS. FINNIGAN) Hello, Nora. (BILL *comes down stage and then left to fireplace—keeps hat on.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Looking around to see if anyone is with* BILL) Where's Jane?

BILL. She ain't coming. We ain't good enough to associate with.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Who says we ain't?

BILL. Mr. Nathaniel Orange. Just because he's got a little coin he turns me down, insults me. He's cut me to the heart—*(Takes off his hat—sees condition of it)*—and look what he done to my kelly. *(Puts hat on mantel at lower left.)*

MOLLIE. The old devil!

MRS. FINNIGAN. Mollie! *(To* BILL) But Jane can't come. What are we going to do with the party?

BILL. We're going to have the party just the same, Nora. Somebody else is coming tonight, unexpected.

MRS. FINNIGAN. Who?

BILL. *(Going to her at center)* I can't tell you just yet. Just go in there and keep the party going. (MRS. FINNIGAN *starts up stage.* MOLLIE *crosses to left of* MRS. FINNIGAN.) Don't let it die.

MRS. FINNIGAN. I'll do that, but my heart ain't in it. Poor Nate, he saved my Jimmy—— *(Starts to cry.)* Poor Jimmy! And he was so fond of my

husband—poor Jerry! *(Cries quite hard—wipes tears with apron.)*

MOLLIE. For Gawd's sake, Ma, will you *please* stop sniveling?

MRS. FINNIGAN. *(Stops crying—angry at once)* Will you *please* shut your big mouth? *(Exit* MRS. FINNIGAN, *crying, into her own flat.)*

MOLLIE. *(Still up left)* Ain't she awful?

BILL. Let her cry—she enjoys it. *(Crosses down left.)*

(Enter OFFICER DONOVAN *at right center. He has little bull terrier pup in his overcoat pocket. Pup is Boston Bull about eight weeks old.)*

DONOVAN. *(Taking off his hat)* Hello, Mollie!

MOLLIE. Good evening, Mr. Donovan.

DONOVAN. *(Crosses left and down)* Hello, Bill! *(Is left of table. Takes pup out of pocket—holds him up by neck.)* I got him.

MOLLIE. *(Goes to pup, takes him, puts him on table—plays with him—stays back of table and right of it)* Oh, isn't it cunning!

DONOVAN. She's got a little distemper. *(To* BILL*)* Where's your kid, Bill? I want to tell her what to feed her?

BILL. She won't be here. My daughter can't come to her own party.

DONOVAN. Why not?

BILL. Her father won't let her.

DONOVAN. I don't get you.

MOLLIE. Oh, she's so cute! *(Picks up pup.* DONOVAN *turns to* MOLLIE.*)* Can I take her over and show her to the kids?

DONOVAN. Sure. (MOLLIE *starts up right to hall.* DONOVAN *goes up after her.)* Don't let 'em give her any candy, or any sugar, or any meat. Don't feed him at all. *(Exit* MOLLIE *in* MRS. FIN-

NIGAN'S *flat.* DONOVAN *closes doors. Pup barks—children heard laughing, etc., from* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.* DONOVAN *comes down right of table and in front of it.)* Well, Bill—when is this coming off?

BILL. A little later. *(Comes to left of* DONOVAN, *front of table.)*

DONOVAN. Why don't you *tell* me something?

BILL. I told you *enough.*

DONOVAN. But I'm the policeman, not you.

BILL. That's just why I want to handle this myself—this job needs headwork. Tonight I'm going to hand you the bonds and Mr. Ives on a silver platter.

DONOVAN. Now, listen, Bill——

BILL. You'll make the pinch, get all the glory, but just this once let me be the master mind. It's my only chance to show the boys down at the station that have been kidding me for years that I'm just a natural-born copper. I ain't only got the physique, I got the nut—— *(Indicates head.)* Works like a watch.

DONOVAN. Wheels?

BILL. No—works. I'm subtile, that's what I am, subtile.

DONOVAN. What's that?

BILL. You see, you don't even know what it means.

(Speaking-tube whistle blows very loud. Bus. BILL *and* DONOVAN, *startled, look at each other.* BILL *goes up left center and speaks through tube.* DONOVAN *goes up and stands right of* BILL.)

BILL. *(Speaking in tube)* Hello! Yes. All right. Come up.

DONOVAN. Who is it? Ives?

BILL. *(Comes down stage a little—*DONOVAN

follows) No, not yet. We got lots of time. *(He turns to* DONOVAN, *hand on shoulder, helping him off.)* Say, do me a favor and go into Finnigans' and don't come back till I send for you. There's a quart under the lounge in the parlor. Ask Nora for the corkscrew.

DONOVAN. I got one. *(Exit* DONOVAN *into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.)*

(Noise of party heard. BILL *goes up—closes doors to* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat. Motions for* JIMMY *and* TOM *to come upstairs. Thunder and lightning.*

(Enter JIMMY FINNIGAN, *with grip and coat, followed by* TOM. JIMMY *throws coat to* TOM *and grabs* BILL'S *hand.* BILL *pulls* JIMMY *in room.* TOM *comes in, closes door.* JIMMY *puts grip down near sofa.* TOM *throws coat on same. All speak in subdued tones.)*

BILL. Jimmy, you look great. Like a different boy. (BILL *and* JIMMY *drop down stage.)*

JIMMY. That's what I am, Bill.

TOM. *(Comes down right)* He made good in Canada.

JIMMY. *(To* TOM) I'm taking an awful chance coming back. Are you sure——

TOM. *We've* got it all set, haven't *we,* Bill?

BILL. We? *(To* JIMMY) *I* haven't overlooked a thing, Jimmy boy.

JIMMY. Now can I go in and see Mother, Mollie and the kids?

BILL. *(Walks left)* Nothing doing. I got Officer Donovan planted in there. *(Points to door* R.C.*)*

JIMMY. *(Frightened—makes start—*TOM *stops him)* Donovan!

BILL. *(Yawns)* He's assisting me in this case.

TOM. *(Goes to* JIMMY*)* But he can't see you till later.

BILL. Not till we're ready to deliver the goods, and Mr. Ives. *(Knock at door—three knocks. At knock,* JIMMY*, alarmed, crosses right to door.* BILL *goes up left of table.* TOM *goes up right. Heavy thunder.)* Come in! *(Enter* MARTIN*. He has under his raincoat a substantial-looking mahogany dispatch-box. In street clothes* MARTIN *is a quaint-looking, old-fashioned figure. His clothes are not too old, but almost direct contrast to his immaculate appearance when in service. He is "private secretary" type—clothes almost a trifle rusty, dressed in black.* TOM *closes door.* MARTIN *comes down* R.C. *to table and puts box on it.)* Got everything?

MARTIN. *(Taps box)* Everything. *(Opens box—takes out papers according to lines.)* Here are the cancelled checks to McKenzie. *(Shows checks to* BILL.*)*

JIMMY. *(To* TOM*)* I told you it was McKenzie.

MARTIN. And here are the bonds. (JIMMY *crosses to* MARTIN *eagerly, takes bonds, counts five of them.)*

BILL. Ives has been paying him blackmail—I'll get that gang, too. Wait'll you see.

JIMMY. They're all here. *(Hands bonds to* BILL*, who takes them.)*

BILL. *(Takes charge—puts bonds in box—*MARTIN *steps back)* That's all I need. *(Closes box—locks it.)* Now, Jimmy, this squares you.

JIMMY. Gee, what a relief! *(Takes out cigarette.)* I don't know how to thank you fellows——

BILL. Now I want you to go right in to Donovan and give yourself up. (JIMMY *shows alarm.)* Go ahead. It's all right. (JIMMY *prepares himself for the event, lights cigarette and starts for door.)* Wait a minute. *(Follows* JIMMY *with box up right.)*

You're the one to do this. Give him this, get a receipt for it and tell him to report in here to me.

(JIMMY *goes into hall. Slight pause.)*

ALL. *(Urging him on)* Go ahead.

(JIMMY *turns, then goes across to* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *door. Tries knob. Door is locked—rings bell, then steps back a bit.* BILL *is left of door and up,* MARTIN *just a little below him, and* TOM *is right of door and up. All watch* JIMMY. MRS. FINNIGAN *opens door, sees* JIMMY, *comes into hall to him.)*

MRS. FINNIGAN. You're back. Where have you—why didn't you—when did you—why don't you—— Take that dirty cigarette out of your mouth—— *(Knocks cigarette out of his mouth.)* Wipe your feet and come in. *(Drags* JIMMY *in and shrieks loudly)* Mollie, Patsy, Michael, Aloysius——

(Loud Thunder and lightning—rain.)

TOM. *(Crosses to* MARTIN—*is right of table)* You're a corker, Dad! *(Shakes hands—left hand on* MARTIN'S *shoulder.)*

BILL. *(Comes down between* MARTIN *and* TOM) I'll say you got some papa—but he's wasting his time as a butler. *(To* MARTIN) You ought to put in your application for the Secret Service.

MARTIN. *(Left of table)* I have already done that—twenty-five years ago.

TOM. *(To* MARTIN) That's what you've been doing all these years and you wouldn't even tell me?

MARTIN. I told no one until I retired, six months ago.

BILL. *(To* TOM) Pretty wise bird—close-

mouthed, just like me. *(To* MARTIN) Now listen. Are you sure Ives will be here?

MARTIN. *(Still left of table)* Absolutely.

BILL. *(Still back of table at center)* What kind of a stall did you give him?

MARTIN. I told him Jimmy Finnigan was back.

BILL. *(Alarmed)* You did?

MARTIN. It was the only way to get him here—that's the one thing he's afraid of.

BILL. I got you.

MARTIN. He said he'd come at once.

BILL. Then he's liable to be here any minute. *(To* TOM) Tom, tell Donovan to come in here right away. *(Exit* TOM *in* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat—he takes* JIMMY'S *grip with him.* BILL *goes up slightly* —MARTIN *follows him.)* I don't want any rough-house in there with the kids around. Besides, I want to pull off this pinch right in here. I got a great idea, just came to me. *(Goes to* MARTIN, *who is just back of table.)*

MARTIN. What is it?

BILL. We'll switch the name plates downstairs in the outside hall—how's that?

MARTIN. Splendid. But I have already done that. (BILL *looks at* MARTIN *disgustedly. Door-bell rings.)*

BILL. It's him. He better not see you. *(Shoves* MARTIN *off up right.)* Or me, either. *(Follows him to door up right.* DONOVAN *enters from* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat. Speaking-tube whistle blows. To* DONOVAN) It's Ives. You answer it. He knows my voice. Tell him to come right up. (DONOVAN *goes to tube and speaks in same.)*

DONOVAN. *(In tube—*BILL *stands right of him and up)* Who is it?

BILL. *(Very much excited and annoyed at* DONOVAN'S *not carrying out orders)* Don't ask him who is it—it's Ives.

DONOVAN. He won't give his name.

BILL. *(Excitedly)* Sure he won't—it's him.

DONOVAN. *(Rattled—trying to listen in tube and to* BILL *at same time—walks away from tube to* BILL) He wants to see you.

BILL. It's a stall. *(Takes hold of* DONOVAN'S *arm. Whistle blows again.)* Answer the tube, will you?

DONOVAN. Let go my hand, will you? (BILL *does so.* DONOVAN *goes back to tube. Speaks in tube)* Come right up.

BILL. Now don't take any chances with him, Mike. Have you got your gat?

DONOVAN. Sure I got it. *(Shows gun.)*

BILL. Maybe you better stand behind the door and bean him when he comes in.

DONOVAN. Now, listen, Bill—don't tell me how to make an arrest.

BILL. That's always been the trouble with you, Mike—nobody can tell you anything.

DONOVAN. You got me so nervous I don't know what the Hell I'm doing! Now you get out of here or I'll run *you* in!

(Exit BILL *right center into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.* DONOVAN *takes out gun—looks down stairway, then steps back of door at left center. Examines gun—puts it in overcoat pocket with hand on trigger, ready to shoot.*

(Enter NATE. *He is soaked with rain, bedraggled, his face is haggard. He is still under the effects of the overdose of sleep medicine and is extremely nervous and jumpy. His conscience is troubling him and his movements are like a hunted criminal. He looks into the room, fearfully anxious to see* BILL, *and at the same time afraid of meeting him. Comes into room—starts down right to bedroom door.* DONOVAN

quietly and quickly shuts doors and turns to NATE. NATE *sees* DONOVAN—*is frightened stiff—can hardly talk.)*

NATE. Hello!

DONOVAN. How do! *(Looks closely at him.)* Didn't I meet you some place?

NATE. No, I never was there. (DONOVAN *frisks him for gun—turns him around quickly so that his back is to* DONOVAN. *Runs hands down his sides where gun might be concealed.* NATE, *surprised, turns around and looks at him.)* I'm all wet, ain't I?

DONOVAN. Yes, you're all wet, Mr. Ives.

NATE. Me Ives? I'm bad enough, but I ain't a Ives yet, thank God! *(Crosses left a little.)*

DONOVAN. *(Commandingly)* No more arguments. Come along with me. *(Takes him by shoulder.)*

NATE. *(Resisting)* No, wait a minute.

(Enter BILL *from* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.)*

BILL. *(Not seeing* NATE) Well, Mike?

DONOVAN. I've got him. *(Bus. Look between* NATE *and* BILL—*then* BILL *looks disgustedly at* DONOVAN *and walks right.)* He says he ain't Ives.

BILL. No use, Mike. Better take off that uniform and buy a pair of overalls. *(Crosses left to below table.)*

NATE. Billy, Billy! *(Crosses to* BILL, *front of table.)*

BILL. *(Imitating* NATE'S *tone when he spoke this line to him in Act II)* You like to talk to me?

NATE. Yes.

BILL. *(Same play)* Well, why don't you take off your hat—this ain't a saloon.

NATE. *(Taking off his hat)* Billy!

TWO BLOCKS AWAY

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BILL. *(Same play)* Get out of my house—get out of my life! *(Crosses to right of table.)*

NATE. *(Following him)* Billy, if you knew what I came here for you wouldn't talk like that.

BILL. What *did* you come here for?

NATE. *(Hesitatingly)* I came here to—to give you two hundred and fifty thousand dolars. (BILL *and* DONOVAN *look at each other—bus. humoring him.)*

BILL. *(Look at* DONOVAN—*then at* NATE) Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? What for?

NATE. Please don't ask me. Just take it.

DONOVAN. He's crazy. *(Goes up right.)*

NATE. No, I ain't crazy any more—I just come to my senses. I got a good reason.

BILL. What is it?

NATE. Ain't we friends?

BILL. No.

NATE. Well, that's the reason. I want to give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars so you wouldn't be mad at me.

BILL. *(Angrily)* See here. I don't know if you're kidding me or what you're trying to put over, but if you were on the level I wouldn't make up with you for a million.

NATE. Not even for a million?

BILL. No.

NATE. Couldn't you do it a little bit cheaper? (BILL *crosses to right.)*

DONOVAN. *(Coming down to* NATE) I better get the wagon and send him to Bellevue for examination. (NATE *crosses to left of table and below it—* DONOVAN *follows.)*

BILL. No, Mike—put him in a taxi and take him home.

DONOVAN. All right, Bill. *(To* NATE—*taking hold of him)* Come on, Pop. Where do you live?

NATE. *(Struggling to free himself)* I ain't go-

ing to go. You got to give me a chance. I came here to make everything right and nobody's going to stop me.

(Enter JANE *from hallway. She is excited. She stands in doorway, takes in the situation a moment. She is out of breath—then she rushes to* NATE—*pushes* DONOVAN *aside.)*

JANE. Daddy! *(To* DONOVAN) Get away from him. *(Pushes* DONOVAN *away.* NATE *holds out his arms helplessly.)* Daddy Nate—*(Puts arms around him protectingly)*—what have they done to you? (DONOVAN *goes up.* BILL *turns away right.)*

NATE. My baby! *(Embraces her.)* He wants to arrest me—— *(Pointing to* BILL) He won't talk to me. He don't know me. He wants to chuck me out of the house.

JANE. *(To* BILL) Daddy Bill, I'm ashamed of you.

NATE. Don't scold Billy—I chucked him out first. *(Goes to pieces—bus.)*

DONOVAN. *(Coming down to left of* BILL) What *is* this? Who is *she?*

BILL. My daughter.

DONOVAN. Who is *he?*

BILL. Her father. (BILL *indicates for* DONOVAN *to go.* DONOVAN *exits into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat—scratching his head,* BILL *follows.)*

JANE. Oh, Daddy, what has happened? I went back to the house. The door of your study was open. It looked as if there had been a terrible struggle in the room.

NATE. There was, between two men—Nathaniel Orange and Nate Pommerantz, and Pommerantz won.

JANE. Why did you come here?

NATE. Because I wanted to do like you told me.

I wanted you should respect me once again like you used to. I come here to give Bill back his money, every penny—even all that I made myself—the factory, the chain stores, the millions, everything he can have if it belongs to him.

(During the last speech the fact dawns on JANE *that the money belongs to* BILL LEWIS.*)*

JANE. You mean, Daddy Bill is the one that the money belongs to?

NATE. Yes. He is the only living Orange. He became one by marriage with his wife. My family tree is once removed. You see, I was born nearly but not quite an orange. *(Sneezes.* NOTE: *It must be remembered that* NATE *is still under the effects of drug and is gradually getting into a sort of stupor as the overdose is dying out.)*

JANE. Why, you're soaking wet.

NATE. Only outside. My underwear is heavy.

JANE. *(Takes him slightly right)* You must come in here, take off those wet clothes, and lie down until they're dry.

NATE. I can't stay here. I got to go some place else to dry up. *(Sneezes.)*

(Enter MARTIN *from* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.)*

JANE. You're going to stay right here. *(Sees* MARTIN.) Martin! (MARTIN *comes down right, takes* NATE'S *right arm, assists him.)*

NATE. Hello, Martin! What are you doing here? Are you working for Billy now?

MARTIN. No, I'm still at your service. *(Starts to move left with* JANE *and* NATE.)

NATE. Martin, you always come before I want you. *(Sneezes. Exit* NATE *and* MARTIN *into room left,* MARTIN *gently forcing him out.* JANE *remains*

at door right, calls after MARTIN. *Enter* BILL *at* R.C. *with flask of whiskey in his hand—he hides it from* JANE.)

JANE. *(Calling off right)* Daddy Bill's things always used to be in the bottom drawer of that wardrobe.

BILL. *(Gruffly)* Why don't you give him his own clothes? (JANE *turns to* BILL.) They're on the shelf in the closet.

JANE. I thought the junk man got them when we moved away from Second Avenue.

BILL. No, I couldn't see that. After you left I cleaned up, kept all his stuff—shows what a sentimental sap I was.

JANE. If I were you I wouldn't be so angry at myself because I did something nice a long time ago. *(Goes to door left—sneeze heard off stage.* BILL *is about to offer flask, but doesn't.)* All his old clothes are in the closet.

BILL. *(Puts flask in pocket as* JANE *turns back to him)* As soon as he gets dressed I want him to get out of here. I'll 'phone for a taxi. *(Starts up slightly.)*

JANE. *(Goes to* BILL) Don't bother. He's not going until you have had a talk with him.

BILL. If he sticks around till I talk to him, he's going to owe me a lot of room-rent. *(Goes slightly right.)* I've had my last coffee klotch with that baby—after what he's done to me—tries to come between you and me, and you and Tom—orders me out of the house, calls me a pup, sits on my hat—he's just an egg and I'm through. *(Crosses below table to left, near fireplace.)*

JANE. It was the money that made Daddy Nate do all those things. (BILL *sits in chair near fireplace.)* You know what money does to people.

BILL. Some people.

JANE. Almost everybody. Anyone can stand

poverty—they have to—but the hardest thing to stand is prosperity, especially when they get a lot of money suddenly, and are not used to it—like poor Daddy Nate.

BILL. But you can't tell me that a regular guy ain't a regular guy whether he's rich or poor.

JANE. Daddy Nate *is* a "regular guy"—at heart—and he's going to prove it. *(Sits on arm of* BILL'S *chair.)* Do you know why he came here tonight?

BILL. *(Rises and crosses below table to right of it)* Don't know, and don't care a—— *(Catches himself)*—snap. (JANE *follows him to left of table.)* All I know is, if a little money made him as mean as he is, Rockerfeller ought to go around biting people. If he was right at heart, the money wouldn't have changed him. If somebody came up and handed me a lot of dough, unexpected, it wouldn't change me. I'd always be the same Bill Lewis.

JANE. You're going to have a chance to prove it. That's what Daddy Nate is here for tonight.

BILL. For what?

JANE. To give you a lot of money.

BILL. Me?

JANE. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

BILL. *(Suddenly serious)* That's what he said. I thought he was crazy, or kidding, or something.

JANE. All the money he received from the Orange estate really belonged to your wife.

BILL. But how—sure—her grandmother was a Pommerantz.

JANE. The wife of Daniel Orange,—and since you are her only surviving heir, it all belongs to you.

BILL. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—two hundred and fifty—— *(Bus.—turns to right—faces door where* NATE *is—puts hands in pockets.)* So he robbed me, did he? I thought there was something crooked all the time.

JANE. It was a mistake—he didn't know until today. *(Is at lower left end of table.)*

BILL. *(At upper right end of table)* Is that so? He didn't know until today—you expect me to fall for that?

JANE. It's true, Daddy—Ives knew, but kept it from him——

BILL. Bunk! Fraud, that's what it is, conspiracy. I see it all. Something happened. They were afraid they were going to be found out. That's why he wanted to hand me money without telling me why. Thought he could settle with me for a measly little two hundred and fifty thousand—after using my money all this time, after he's made a million with it! Every dollar he's made belongs to me, and he's going to come across with every nickel.

JANE. But Daddy Bill, surely you wouldn't demand it all, even the money he's made himself?

BILL. Why not? It's mine, ain't it?

JANE. Legally, yes—but your oldest friend—you wouldn't take everything away from him. *(Goes to* BILL.)

BILL. Wouldn't I? He'll give up every penny or I'll have him before the District Attorney as quick as I'd look at him! Why, I'll—— *(Raises arms to strike table.)*

JANE. *(Catching his arm)* Does that sound like the same old Bill Lewis?

BILL. Huh?

JANE. A regular guy is a regular guy whether he's rich or poor. *(Loud sneeze heard from* NATE *off right.)*

BILL. I got you. (JANE *kisses him.* BILL *grins foolishly—takes flask from pocket.)* Give him a drink of this.

JANE. *(Takes bottle—crosses right, stops)* No. *(Gives bottle back to* BILL.) *You* give it to him.

(Bus. BILL *reluctant—turns away.)* Come on. Don't be stubborn, dear.

BILL. All right. *(Starts right toward bedroom.)*

JANE. Not too much, just enough to brace him up.

BILL. I'll give him a good shot. *(Exit* BILL *at lower right.)*

(Pause. JANE *goes up to window at left, takes small clothes-horse—brings it down left to fire-place. Enter* MARTIN *at lower right with* NATE'S *wet trousers, coat, shoes, etc.)*

JANE. How is he? *(Hangs up coat and trousers on clothes-horse near fire.)*

MARTIN. Wide awake. Bill gave him a big drink of whiskey and he's talking a blue streak. (JANE *has finished hanging clothes—comes down to below armchair.)* Jane, who warned Ives?

JANE. Mrs. Watson. *(Crosses right and slightly up.* MARTIN *follows.)*

MARTIN. *(Gently)* And who told *her?*

JANE. *(Turns to him)* I did. I couldn't help it. She loves him. They've gone away. I did it for her sake. You're not angry?

MARTIN. No, you were right, dear. *(Catches himself.)* Oh, I beg your pardon!

JANE. Oh, I know who you are. Where's our Tommy boy? (MARTIN *indicates* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat, pointing to windows.* JANE *and* MARTIN *both go up and look through window into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.)*

(Enter NATE—*in his old clothes of Act I. He has the slightest suggestion of an edge—a happy one. Carries bathrobe on his arm. He goes up*

right. JANE *turns to* MARTIN *and kisses him.* NATE *sees* JANE *kiss* MARTIN *and stops and looks at them.)*

NATE. *(Surprised)* What is this?

JANE. I've got another Daddy. *(Crosses to* NATE *at upper right, pats him on cheek and exits into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat. Exit* JANE.)

NATE. *(Goes left to above table)* Another Daddy? Then you ain't Martin? (MARTIN *comes down slightly to* NATE.)

MARTIN. Oh, yes. Martin Roland.

NATE. Tommy's Papa—— *(Sneezes—staggers.* MARTIN *helps him put on his bathrobe, the same one as in Act I.* NATE *gets a little angry, in maudlin way.)* I'm mad at you.

MARTIN. Hadn't you better lie down?

NATE. No, no, I feel too good to lay. I'm going to the party. I got to celebrate. *(Pause.)* I'm schicker! *(Finds purse in vest pocket—is very pleased—opens it—looks in.)* Tommie is in there?

MARTIN. Yes, with Jane.

NATE. *(Takes ring from purse)* I got something, something that belongs to him—a ring. *(Gives* MARTIN *ring.)* I want you to go over there and give it to him right away. He'll know what to do with it. I'll see Bimberg right away and make arrangements for the hall. *(Starts to go—staggers—*MARTIN *catches him and steadies him.)* Tommy's Papa. And you pretended to be a butler—all the time you fooled me.

MARTIN. I'm afraid so, but it won't happen again, sir.

NATE. *(Slapping him gently on cheek—overbalances, catches himself)* You son of a gun—— (MARTIN *starts up right.)* My father-in-law!

(Exit MARTIN *into* MRS. FINNIGAN'S *flat.* NATE *goes up right of table at* R.C. *Bird sings.* NATE *hears bird—stops, listens. Bird sings again.* NATE *goes close to canary, which is on small shelf right of window—recognizes cover, cage and bird.)*

NATE. Jennie! Hello, Jennie! *(Takes cage down and comes down to table at center and puts cover on table, then goes to chair left, puts bird on taboret right of chair and sits in easy chair.)* You got a invitation to the party, too? I'm so glad to see you. Oh, Jennie, you ain't got the least idea what I been through. (BIRD *sings.)* You don't know what can happen to you within two blocks away. (BIRD *chirps.)* You remember when I was in my little cage, that little cellar, I was happy too, without nothing. Of course, lots of money is all right too. I don't want to knock, but not when it makes you mashuga, makes you lose your friends, makes everybody hate you. Take my device, Jennie—you can be happy here, you can be happy there, odder you're rich, odder you're poor, you can be happy any place, if you got it up in here. *(Taps forehead.)* Ain't it? (BIRD *chirps.)* You bet you—you son of a gun. *(Suddenly remembering)* Oh, Jennie, I forgot to tell you, I got a new partner, Billy Lewis. I just gave him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and he's making me a cup of coffee. You see, you do need friends. (BIRD *chirps.* NATE *gets very sleepy.)* I'm glad I got all my old friends back again. (NATE'S *head falls on his shoulder—he is asleep.)*

(Pause. Enter BILL *with woman's house apron on, long one, tied up around his arm pits. He carries little cheap tray, old, with coffee on it. He*

comes left, below table to right of NATE'S *chair. Sees* NATE *is sleeping. Pats him on shoulder. Tiptoes over to table at center, puts tray on table —then goes up right of hallway—turns out the lights and starts to close doors. Enter* JANE *and* TOM *in hallway.)*

JANE. Daddy—Tom——
BILL. *(Motions her to be quiet)* Sh!

(Enter MARTIN—*has ring in hand—comes to left of* TOM—*just right of table and above it.* MARTIN *hands* TOM *the ring* NATE *gave him.* TOM *turns to* JANE, *puts it on her finger—*TOM *and* JANE *embrace.)*

NATE. *(Talking in his sleep)* It ain't what a man's got down here—*(Hand on pockets)*—that makes him rich, it's what he's got up here—— *(He tries to touch forehead and his hand falls gently over his heart.* NATE *snores.)*

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Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

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